

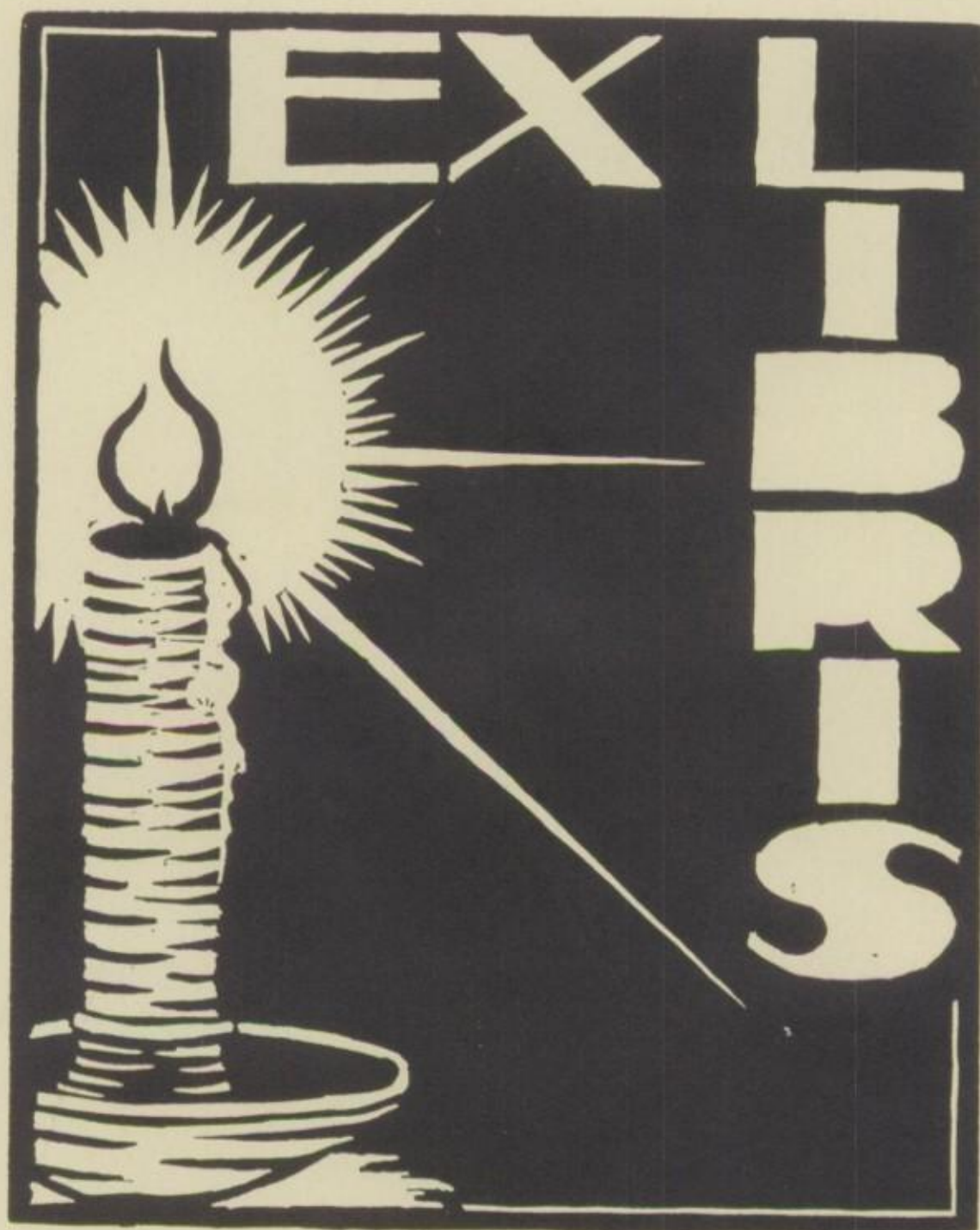
THE CHATHAMITE



1937

John Stewart





THE CHATHAMITE

1937



PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1937

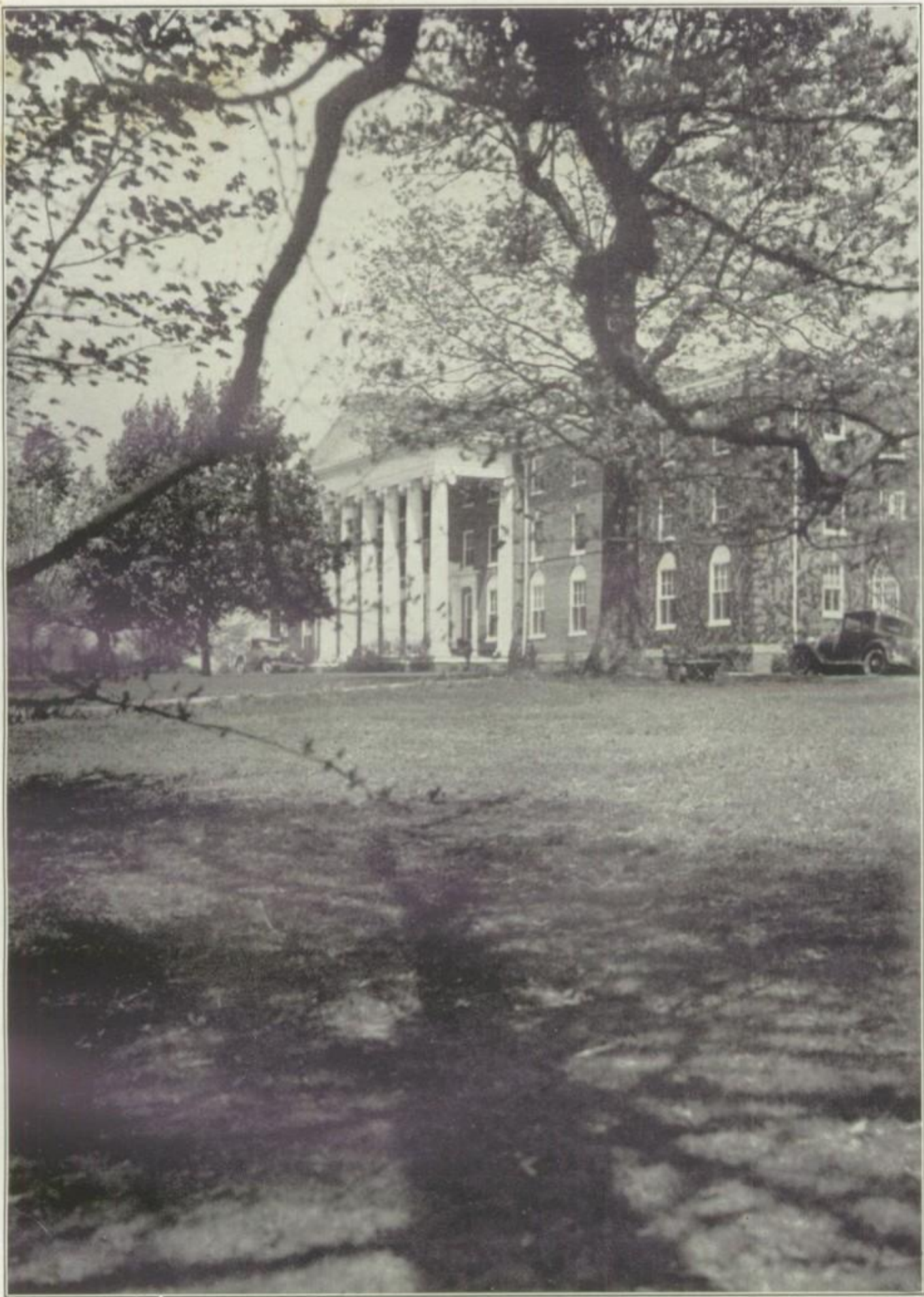
CHATHAM HALL

CHATHAM - VIRGINIA



To
LILLIAN HENSLEIGH

*The friend of each of us, to whom we owe a large
part of the fun of this, our Senior Year, we
lovingly dedicate this book.*



THE CHATHAMITE



DR. EDMUND J. LEE

THE CHATHAMITE



FACULTY AND STAFF

EDMUND J. LEE, M.A., D.D. <i>Rector</i>	PANSY ANDRUS <i>Piano</i>
MRS. EDMUND J. LEE	ELVA NICHOLSON <i>Piano</i>
VIRGINIA HENRY HOLT, M.A. <i>Dean</i> <i>English</i>	HOPE MILLER <i>Singing</i>
ANNA A. ASGAARD, M.A. <i>English, German</i>	GAIL HODGMAN <i>Dramatics, English</i>
LAURA GILBERT WILLIAMS, M.A. <i>English</i>	HILDA BOEHM <i>Athletics</i>
NONA D. BRAY <i>History</i>	AMY WILLIAMS, B.S. <i>Athletics, Dancing</i>
LILLIAN HENSLEIGH, M.S. <i>Science</i>	EDWARD VERNON BRUSH <i>Business Manager, Riding</i>
SALLY R. THOMPSON, M.A. <i>French</i>	MARY CONOVER BRUSH <i>Book Store, Student Bank, Riding</i>
ANDRÉE LINIÈRE <i>French</i>	ANNA STEAD WARNOCK <i>Secretary</i>
ELIZABETH SIMS, B.A. <i>Mathematics</i>	DORIS TAYLOR <i>Secretary</i>
KATHARINE MARSHALL, B.A. <i>Mathematics, General Science</i>	CORINNE D. DAVIS <i>Bookkeeper</i>
HENRIETTA THOMSON <i>Religious Education</i>	DR. HENRY H. HAMMER <i>Physician</i>
VIRGINIA STEWART, M.A. <i>Latin</i>	PEARL WILLIAMS <i>Resident Nurse</i>
DOROTHY GRAY BALDWIN, B.A. <i>Librarian</i>	LAURA K. POAGUE <i>Housemother</i>
DOROTHY JONES <i>Home Economics</i>	LULU FELTS <i>Dietitian</i>
ELINE HOLST <i>Art</i>	ELIZABETH REID HERNDON <i>Laundry Superintendent</i>

THE CHATHAMITE



THE CHATHAMITE BOARD

Editor-in-Chief.....BETTY ZABRISKIE, '37

Business Managers.....{ SALLY FERGUSON, '37
CARROLL MONTGOMERY, '37

Literary Editor.....LUCRETIA LE SEURE HOUGHTELING, '37

Assistant Literary Editors.....{ FRANCES MUNSON, '37
GERTRUDE POTTER, '37
SARAH CHOATE, '38
JULIA FORAKER, '38

Organizations Editor.....NATALIE MUNSON, '37

Sports Editor.....GERTRUDE POTTER, 37

Art Editors.....{ JEAN CRUMP
EMILIE TOWNSEND

Faculty Adviser.....MISS STEWART



THE CHATHAMITE



DOROTHY BABCOCK

850 Park Avenue
New York City

Entered February, 1936; Member Gold Team.

"For what contend the wise?"

Dear Stew—
Oodles of love
to you. and please
come see me. As we tear
around Westchester, we can
laugh as we think of the past.
Dibby

DOROTHY GILL BETTLE

"Monk's Corner"

Gladwyn, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team;
1935-36: Second Basketball Team, Captain
Diving Team, May Day Drill; 1936-37:
Second Hockey Team, Captain; 1935-36:
Tied First for Diving; 1936-37: Runner-up
Tennis Doubles; 1935-36: Astronomy Club,
Art Club; 1935-37: Choir, Glee Club; 1936-
37: Dramatic Association, C. A. C.; 1936-
37: Advisory Council, Captain Gold Team,
Group Leader, Student Council.

"Strength to persevere and to support."



Stew, dear
I can't begin to
tell you what a help you've
been and yours has been the
best team spirit I've ever
known. This is perfect
keep it up.
loads of love
Duffy.

THE CHATHAMITE

ANNE MIDDLETON BUNDY

531 Warren Crescent
Norfolk, Virginia

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Purple Team; 1935-36: Second Baseball Team, Second Basketball Team; 1935-36: Astronomy Club, Camera Club, Art Club; 1935-37: Dance Club; 1936-37: Dramatic Association; 1936-37: Chairman School Life Department, Discussion Group Leader, Advisory Council, Student Council, Member May Court.

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little dare, such things to be."



This year is everything is so tight - but so really so think you're swell - I will miss you - good luck next year! much love Bundy



LAURA JEANNETTE CAREY

Farmington, Connecticut

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Purple Team; 1935-37: Second Soccer Team; 1935-36: Second Baseball Team, Hockey Varsity; 1936-37: Runner-up Tennis Singles; 1935-36: Astronomy Club; 1935-37: Music Club, Dance Club; 1936-37: Glee Club, Dramatic Club; Temporary Student Council, Secretary and Treasurer of Devotional Department, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer of Dance Club.

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose
Quick as her eyes and as unfixed as those."

1 9 3 7

I resent being called funny - but at a time like this, I suppose you and I get mad - Between you and me I think it's pretty swell - much love, and take it easy next year Laura

THE CHATHAMITE



MARY B. CARTER

308 Thornton Road

Englewood, New Jersey

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Purple Team; 1935-36: First Soccer Team, First Hockey Team, Varsity Basketball Team; 1936-37: Runner-up Tennis Doubles; 1935-36: Astronomy Club; 1936-37: Dramatic Association.

"To breathe and to be happy, run and shout, Idle,—but no delay, no harm, no loss."

Stay dearest:
to you were a God-sent
group. No leader
you next year
That was
is very lucky
lucky day,
Joan!

JEAN LOUISE CAULKINS

70 East 96th Street

New York City

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Purple Team; 1935-36: Astronomy Club; 1935-37: Dramatic Association, Art Club; Temporary Student Council; 1936-37: Discussion Group Leader, Anonymous Board, Advisory Council, President Senior Class, First Semester Honor Roll, Member May Court.

"A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon."



You're the first
 person I've ever
 known to be as
 good as you,
 I've never seen
 anyone else like
 you. I hope you
 have a great
 future.

THE CHATHAMITE

MARIAN TOMPKINS COWLES

175 East 79th Street

New York City

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team;
 1935-36: May Day Drill; 1936-37: Second
 Soccer Team; 1935-36: Astronomy Club;
 1935-37: Dramatic Club.

"There should not be the shadow of gloom
 In aught that reminds us of thee."



hi you are
 hoops - no don
 dance more of you
 stars, so bosh
 aside, please
 do give me
 at least
 an o.c.

JEAN BREVARD CRUMP

213 East 48th Street

New York City

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Purple Team;
 1935-36: Astronomy Club; 1935-37: Art
 Club; 1936-37: Dramatic Association, Dance
 Club; Associate Art Editor CHATHAMITE
 Year Book.

"Build on and make thy castles high and fair,
 Rising and reaching upward to the skies."

up
 brot fuel
 + Tom

from
 Lumpy

Dear Stee,
 It's been grand
 knowing you.
 If you come back
 give me a ring. You
 good while in high school
 & remember day food of home

THE CHATHAMITE



LORNA HUBARD CRUTE

Chatham, Virginia

Entered Fall, 1932; Member Gold Team.

"Unchanging, and a friendly sentinel."

VIRGINIA DOWNING

290 Summit Avenue

Summit, New Jersey

Entered Fall, 1931; Member Gold Team;
 1932-33: Second Soccer Team; 1932-34:
 Second Hockey Team; 1931-32: Winner
 Junior Track Meet; 1932-33: Winner Cro-
 quet Tournament; Camera Club; 1931-32:
 Sewing Club; 1933-37: Bit and Spur Club;
 1935-36: Astronomy Club; 1935-37: Sher-
 wood Dramatic Association; 1932-33: Presi-
 dent Class, Sub-Freshman Member CHAT-
 HAMITE Board; 1933-35: President Class;
 1935-37: Temporary Student Council; 1936-
 37: Advisory Council, President Bit and Spur
 Club; 1932-33: Croquet Cup, Cup for Most
 Points in Horse Show; 1932-35: Bit and
 Spur Cup; 1934-35: Alice Richter Cup.

*"I think I could turn and live with animals,
 they are so placid and self-contain'd."*



Good-bye for the
 summer. I may
 be a senior but
 they can't get
 rid of me so
 next year you
 love you
 G. H. H.

*You have done more than
people know, and I hope
next year is perfect for you.
I'll be hoping that for you
all year. Dykema*

THE CHATHAMITE

MARY DYKEMA

410 Lakeland Avenue
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Purple Team;
1935-36: Second Soccer Team, Captain Sec-
ond Basketball Team, First Hockey Team,
First Baseball Team; 1936-37: Varsity Soc-
cer Team, Varsity Hockey Team; 1935-37:
Sherwood Dramatic Club; 1936-37: C. A.
C., Substitute Discussion Group Leader, Ad-
visory Council, President Student Council;
1935-36: Honors in Latin;
1935-37: Honor Roll.

*"Possessed of health, and strength and peace
of mind."*



MARGARET CAROLYN ERSKINE

Tryon, North Carolina

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team;
1935-36: First Hockey Team, Second Basket-
ball Team; 1935-37: First Soccer Team;
1936-37: Varsity Hockey Team; Winner
Ping Pong Tournament; 1935-36: Astronomy
Club; 1935-37: Art Club, Glee Club; 1936-
37: Choir, Dramatic Club.

*"Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet."*

Stewart Dear

*It really has been
swell knowing you
I wish you all
the love and luck
ever*

Carol

Dear Stew,
I just can't say
all I want to, but
keep your chin up -
Love Sally

THE CHATHAMITE



SARAH MOREWOOD
FERGUSON

1322 Stratford Road
Schenectady, New York

Entered Winter Term, 1935; Member Purple Team; 1934-35: First Baseball Team; 1935-36: Second Basketball Team, Second Baseball Team, Diving; 1935-37: First Soccer Team; 1936-37: Varsity Hockey Team; 1935-36: Runner-up in Swimming Meet; 1934-37: Music Club; 1936-37: Astronomy Club, Bird Club; Discussion Group Leader, President Music Club, Business Manager CHATHAMITE Year Book.

"I haven't the will to be spent and sad;
My heart's to be gay and true."

Stew - I
think so much. I
to say. However, I
all balls down to good happiness
luck, but wishes and your lots of
to your everything to do. as ever
and love!

JANE DE PEYSTER
GILDERSLEEVE

610 Main Street
Gildersleeve, Connecticut

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team;
1935-36: Second Basketball Team, Second
Baseball Team; 1936-37: Second Soccer
Team; 1935-36: Dramatic Association; 1935-
37: Music Club, Glee Club, Choir.

"Friendship's emblem, whether the forlorn
She visiteth, or shedding light benign
Doth make the happy happier."



THE CHATHAMITE

BARBARA GRINNELL

379 County Street
New Bedford, Massachusetts

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Purple Team;
1935-36: Second Baseball Team; 1935-37:
Second Soccer Team; 1936-37: First Hockey
Team; 1935-36: Astronomy Club, Music
Club; 1935-37: Dramatic Club, Glee Club.

*"I am not one who much or oft' delight
To season my fireside with personal talk."*



Best luck
always
Sta-
Grinnell



EVELYN BYRD HENRY

931 Shirley Avenue
Norfolk, Virginia

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team;
1935-36: Astronomy Club; 1935-37: Art
Club, Dramatic Association, Literary Circle.

*"But not the sort that makes a noise where
now there are so many."*

Dearest Jean, I'll always remember
such fun. Keep me informed on
school news next year, will you?
Love
See

A black and white portrait of a young woman with short, dark, wavy hair, wearing a light-colored, possibly white, garment. The photo is mounted on a light-colored card with handwritten blue ink markings at the bottom.

Woodmere, Long Island

Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered
With joyousness and wit: a thoughtful
cheer."

3475 Vista Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Purple Team; 1934-35: Second Soccer Team, First Basketball Team, Varsity Baseball Team; 1934-36: Second Hockey Team, First Baseball Team; 1935-36: First Soccer Team; Winner Golf Tournament, Fall and Spring; 1936-37: Runner-up, Fall Golf Tournament; 1934-37: Bird Club; 1934-36: Glee Club; 1935-36: Art Club, Dramatic Association; 1935-37: Astronomy Club; 1934-37: C. A. C.; 1935-36: Vice-President Service League, Vice-Captain Purple Team, Vice-President Astronomy Club, President Junior Class; 1936-37: Student Council, Discussion Group Leader, Head of Devotional Department, Captain Purple Team; 1935-36: Golf Cup.

*"Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is."*



THE CHATHAMITE

LUCRETIA LE SEURE HOUGHTELING

3222 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team;
1935-36: First Basketball Team; 1935-37:
Temporary Student Council Member; 1936-
37: Discussion Group Leader, Editor of Lit-
erary Magazine, Literary Editor CHATHAMITE
Year Book, Advisory Council, Chairman
Social Outlook Department.

*"Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge."*



Dear Stew
The day has
come I can't
bear it (or
can I?)
Good luck
next year
Love
Lukie



Best of love and luck
P.L.

PAULINE THIERIOT KINGSLAND

Hewlett, Long Island, New York

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Gold Team;
1934-35: Second Baseball Team, Second
Hockey Team; 1935-36: Second Basketball
Team; 1935-37: Varsity Hockey Team;
1934-35: Dramatic Club; 1935-36: Astron-
omy Club, Art Club; 1934-37: Bird Club;
1936-37: Marshal, Head of Radio Commit-
tee, Treasurer of Race Relations Department.

*"Fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild."*

You know I would have swept her
 room - I made a lot of awfully cute
 gestures but you didn't
 seem to like 'em -
 Swas of love - how

THE CHATHAMITE



MARY CARROLL
MONTGOMERY

Highland Avenue
Short Hills, New Jersey

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team;
 1935-36: First Hockey Team; 1936-37: Sec-
 ond Hockey Team, First Soccer Team; 1935-
 36 Spring: Runner-up Golf Tournament;
 1935-36: Dramatic Club; 1935-37: Art
 Club; 1936-37: Marshal, Assistant Librarian,
 Business Manager CHATHAMITE Year Book;
 Member May Court.

"I warmed both hands before the fire of life."

FRANCES GRAEME MUNSON

199 Hope Street
Providence, Rhode Island

Entered Fall, 1933; Member Purple Team;
 1934-35: Second Soccer Team; 1935-37:
 First Soccer Team; 1933-34: Art Club;
 1934-35: Music Club; 1934-36: Dramatic
 Association; 1935-36: Astronomy Club;
 Marshal; 1936-37: Associate Editor Literary
 Magazine, Assistant Literary Editor CHAT-
 HAMITE Year Book, President Northfield
 League, Vice-President Senior Class; 1935-
 36: First Prize Best Story in CHATHAMITE;
 1936-37: Member May Court.

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a
 part
 Of me and of my soul, as I of them?"



THE CHATHAMITE

NATALIE MUNSON

North Latches Lane
Merion, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Purple Team;
1934-36: Second Hockey Team, Second
Baseball Team; 1935-36: May Day Drill;
1935-37: Second Soccer Team, Captain 1935-
36; 1934-35: Winner Tennis B Doubles;
1934-37: Glee Club; 1935-36: Astronomy
Club; 1935-37: Choir, Dramatic Association;
1935-36: Chairman Make-up Department;
1936-37: Substitute Discussion Group Leader,
Organizations Editor CHATHAMITE
Year Book.

*"We see you as we see a face
Forever quiet, clear and cool."*



ANN DOUGLAS ORR

New Haven Lawn Club
New Haven, Connecticut

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Gold Team;
1934-35: Second Hockey Team; 1935-36:
May Day Drill; Dramatic Association; 1935-
37: Dramatic Club; 1935-36: Chairman of
Red Cross Drive, Student Council; 1936-37:
Discussion Group Leader, Anonymous Board,
Advisory Council; Vice-President Student
Council; 1934-35: Riding Cup for
Most Improvement; 1936-37:
Member May Court.

*"She hated bleak and wintry things alone.
All that was warm and quick she loved too
well."*

*Best of luck
next year!
I know
you get
our
beautiful
love
fun*

To my
little
friend - May she live
happily and long. Much love
Naisy

THE CHATHAMITE



MARY MCBURNEY PHILBIN

Bedford, Massachusetts

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Gold Team; 1934-35: First Hockey Team; 1934-36: Second Baseball Team; 1935-36: First Soccer Team; 1935-37: Second Hockey Team; 1936-37: Second Soccer Team, Captain; 1935-36: Dramatic Association; 1935-37: Art Club; 1935-36: Vice-President Art Club; 1936-37: Marshal, Temporary Student Council, *Anonymous* Board, Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class, President Art Club.

"To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind."

How soon -
you be sure
to have her
week year -
in every
a baton
to cheer
with!
Love to
you - Jack.

GERTRUDE MCCREADY
POTTER

240 Shawnee Road, Merion Golf Manor
Ardmore, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Purple Team; 1935-36: Second Baseball Team; 1935-37: Choir, Glee Club, Dance Club, Art Club, Literary Circle, Dramatic Club; 1936-37: Head Marshal, Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Club, Temporary Student Council, Associate Editor Literary Magazine, Sports Editor and Assistant Literary Editor CHATHAMITE Year Book, Member May Court.

*"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes, and starry skies."*



we seem to
follow each other
around between Pauling and
Annapolis — maybe we'll get
there together someday — I hope!
love & luck to you —
Pyle

THE CHATHAMITE

EILEEN J. PYLE

21 Cliff Street
Waterbury, Connecticut

Entered Fall, 1933; Member Gold Team;
1935-36: Second Hockey Team; 1936-37:
Second Soccer Team; 1935-36: Astronomy
Club; 1936-37: Dramatic Association; 1933-
34: Secretary - Treasurer Freshman Class;
1934-35: Vice-President Sophomore Class.

"Your meditations are far wanderers,
And you must have them all home before
dark."



JULIA HOWLAND ZIMMER ROGERS

216 Pearson Drive
Asheville, North Carolina

Entered March, 1936; Member Purple Team;
1935-37: Glee Club, Choir; 1936-37: Music
Club, Dramatic Club; Student Council, Secre-
tary of Race Relations Department, Discus-
sion Group Leader, President Glee Club, Ad-
visory Council; Maid-of-Honor May Court.

"She beloved for a kindness
Rare in fable or history."

1 9 3 7

21

Steward dearest, I
still hope that you can
make it and that we
gorgeous time of
loads of love
Julie
can have a
fairytale

Happy
wonderful
as ever
Friday
sun,
Farewell,
+ o'g'z
The Chathamite
Gertrude



GERTRUDE VANDER POEL ROSE

239 Edwards Street
New Haven, Connecticut

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Gold Team;
1934-35: Second Soccer Team, Second Bas-
ketball Team; 1934-36: First Hockey Team,
Second Baseball Team; 1935-37: First Soc-
cer Team; 1934-35: Dramatic Club; 1935-
36: Dramatic Association, Art Club; Mar-
shal; 1936-37: First Lady-in-Waiting
May Court.

"... her hair,
Making a golden glory in the air."

MARY ELIZABETH LEE RUST

Yeocomico, Leesburg, Virginia

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team;
1935-36: Second Soccer Team, Second
Hockey Team; 1936-37: Captain First Soccer
Team, Varsity Soccer Team, First Hockey
Team; 1935-36: Astronomy Club, Dramatic
Club, Bit and Spur Club; 1936-37: Art
Club; 1935-37: Student Council; President
Astronomy Club, Vice-President Bit and Spur
Club, Vice-Captain Gold Team, Advisory
Council; 1935-37: Honor Roll; 1936-37:
May Queen.

"Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman!"



Dear Mary
hope you are
and your
year too. I
say a better
cat than
love, stay
Betty

See Townsend.

THE CHATHAMITE

EMILIE KENNEDY TOWNSEND

Merion and Greystone Roads
Merion, Pennsylvania

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Purple Team;
1934-35: Second Hockey Team; 1935-36:
First Hockey Team, Varsity Soccer Team;
1936-37: Second Soccer Team, Varsity
Hockey Team; 1934-37: Art Club; 1935-37:
Dramatic Association; 1935-37: Temporary
Student Council; 1936-37: Secretary and
Treasurer Art Club, Art Editor CHATHAMITE
Year Book, Discussion Group Leader,
Treasurer Service League.

"Give me your patience, sister, while I frame
Exact in capitals your golden name."



you're a swell
white stew - there's
to you!!!
keep it up
Love
always
Marcia

MARCIA STOCKBRIDGE TUTTLE

Millbrook, New York

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Gold Team;
1934-35: Riding Tournament; 1934-36: First
Baseball Team; 1935-36: Second Soccer
Team, Diving Team, May Day Drill; 1936-
37: Winner Tennis Singles, Runner-up Ten-
nis Doubles; 1934-35: Dramatic Club; 1934-
37: Bird Club; 1935-36: Art Club; 1935-
37: Astronomy Club; 1936-37: Marshal,
Secretary Bird Club, Vice-President Astron-
omy Club; 1934-36: Honor Roll; 1935-36:
Honors in Mathematics.

"I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me."

THE CHATHAMITE



*To a marvelous friend with loads
of love to you all -
mar*

MARGARET VAUGHAN

Galax, Virginia

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Purple Team;
1935-36: Astronomy Club; 1935-37: Glee
Club, Choir, Music Club; 1936-37:
Dance Club.

*"How could the might, that lurks within her,
then
Be shown?"*

VIRGINIA PALMER WARD

Orchard Lake, Michigan

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team;
1935-36: Astronomy Club, Camera Club.

*A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!"*

*I can't think
of anything original
to say but I do hope
you have a grand senior
year - loads of love
giving -*



Heigh Ho!
Stew - your men
Hold just one more
year and then...
Much love
N.W.

THE CHATHAMITE

NANCY WATERS

65 3rd Street
Garden City, Long Island, New York

Entered Fall, 1934; Member Purple Team;
1935-36: Second Basketball Team; 1936-37:
Astronomy Club; Library Proctor; 1934-36:
Honor Roll.

*"Deep and slow, exhausting thought
And living wisdom with each studious year."*



Stew dear!
You have just
missed out on
wonderful things
but well be
all well be
different &
you'll see
things with
different eyes
best of luck & love
Virginia

VIRGINIA RANSON WILLIAMSON

35 Aberdeen Road
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Entered Fall, 1935; Member Gold Team;
1935-36: Varsity Soccer Team, Varsity Bas-
ketball Team, First Baseball Team, Second
Hockey Team; 1936-37: Captain First
Hockey Team; 1935-36: Runner-up Tennis
Doubles; Dramatic Club, Astronomy Club;
C. A. C.; 1936-37: Discussion Group Leader,
Advisory Council, Editor-in-Chief *Anony-*
mous, Student Council, President C. A. C.

*"Happy in beauty, life, and love, and
everything."*

well Stewart life love and all that - You'll always have
 a good time as I always wish you that - Hope I see you again -
 lots of love Winnie

THE CHATHAMITE



BARBARA WINLOCK

925 Park Avenue
 New York City

Entered Fall, 1933; Member Purple Team;
 1935-36: Tournament; 1933-35: Dramatic
 Club; 1936-37: Dramatic Association, Bit
 and Spur Club; 1935-36: Chairman Social
 Outlook Department; 1936-37: Chairman
 World Outlook Department.

*"Seek who will delight in fable
 I shall tell you truth."*

To Steve
 who has
 stood me
 so patiently
 in 7 months -
 Good luck
 in everything
 with you
 I do wish
 you'd come
 see me in
 N.Y.
 Love
 Betts.

ELIZABETH HOYT
 ZABRISKIE

23 Gramercy Park
 New York City

Entered Fall, 1933; Member Gold Team;
 1933-37: Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Choir;
 1934-37: Music Club; 1935-37: Dance Club,
 Literary Circle; 1935-36: Associate Editor
 Literary Magazine, Assistant Literary Editor
 CHATHAMITE Year Book; 1936-37: Assistant
 Choir Director, Advisory Council, Leader Lit-
 erary Circle, Secretary and Treasurer Glee
 Club, Secretary Service League, Student Coun-
 cil, Editor-in-Chief CHATHAMITE Year Book;
 1933-34: Junior Scholastic Medal; 1933-37:
 Honor Roll; 1935-36: Runner-up
 Dramatic Medal.

*"Yet knowledge came,
 Sought or unsought, and influxes of power
 Came, of themselves."*



THE CHATHAMITE

SENIOR CLASS WILL

WE, the Senior Class, do hereby in our last Will and New Testament fling all selfishness to the winds and bequeath on the school in general all our various and sundry girlish talents. We will not need them in our new world.

Evelyn Byrd smiles a quiet, dimpled smile and leaves her lady-likeness to Stokes.

Ellie Herrick tells a little bird (species A. Splay feet, fallen arches) to give her early morning activity to Ethel Randolph.

Diddie has a hard time choosing between her pretty feet and Queenly Coiffure. She finally leaves the latter behind to Dale Rollins.

Doffy, with a sigh of relief, leaves her sense of responsibility to Mary McClean McKissick.

Anne Bundy, with a toss of her pretty southern head, leaves her tactful remarks to Freddie Berger.

Laura Carey, gurgling "Aw gee," leaves her inner gleam to Betsy Evans.

Mary Carter, in her fastidious fashion, leaves her neatness to Jean Stewart.

Jeano, with efficient directness, leaves her shy, retiring nature to Emily Griffin.

Grinnell looks bitterly out the window, bites her lip, and finally surrenders her wit to Joany Wyeth. It is a great sacrifice.

While Marian with some difficulty is making herself understood, she donates her accent to Chicagoan Alice Blair.

Jean Crump, peering from beneath bushy bangs, bequeaths her artistic ability to Helen Owsley. Take it and hold it, Helen. It's worth something.

Lorna Crute would take something from the school which it needs greatly if she did not leave her vitality behind her in the protective care of Sheila Clark.

Ginny Downing, with tremendous preference for her beloved beasts, leaves her man-hatred to Sara Hastie. Of course, Sara won't need to use it, but one must have things in reserve.

Dyky, between mouthfuls, sheds a gourmand's tear and regretfully leaves her appetite to Phyllis Tenney. Ten pounds in two days—guaranteed!

Carol Erskine manages to put off on Julie Foraker her very feminine gift of procrastination.

Sally Ferguson, her "joie de vivre" bursting out of her, suppresses it, and flings it in compressed form to Ethel Lasell.

Gilder holds her head where it hit the ceiling, and quite gratefully gives to Bunny Mallory her bouncing buoyancy. With that as an addition, Bunny, you'd better have a special house built for you.

Carroll Montgomery thrusts her original head into the midst of the lawyers, and yells in a high, shrill tone, "I have just left my thrilling, throbbing voice to Clara Clapp." We all eject her hastily.

THE CHATHAMITE

Kitty Hobson, the most cynical of sneers on her hard face, bestows her atheism on Jean Crispell.

Lukie laughs and laughs with her head thrown back. She then goes to a plastic surgeon, and kindly hands over her discarded classic Greek profile to the Osborns. Mary with the nose! Anne with the mouth and chin! Whee!

P. K. rushes around madly and in between unanswered questions which she answers herself, manages to will definitely her strong silent nature to Polly Pell.

Franny Munson merely looks divine, and leaves her dark mystery to Pitney. Look out, Pit, you'll become obscure.

Nat Munson, singing "Every day as the months roll on, my tailored perfection I gaily don," takes to frills and leaves her T. P. to Louise DeBardeleben.

Ann Orr, with simply incredible philanthropy, reluctantly resigns her "hail-fellow-well-met" ideas to cold Alice Hollister.

Maisie, who spends most of her time relaxing, flows over with bliss, and in a moment of frenzy leaves her love of the world in general to Evie Mills.

Gertie-Pots, scratching her head with a swizzle stick, dashes off a puzzling poem called *Life in a Blotter*, and hands it with a flourish to Elsie Hyde, who takes a deep breath and bounds out of the room to compare it with her "Dieting."

Mary Jane Hart receives and displays proudly to the world Eileen Pyle's deep purple passion. Be careful of him, Mary Jane. He's delicate and breaks easily.

Julie Rogers gives one of many nice characteristic traits, her philanthropy, to Marie Hulburd, who takes it along with a diamond ring from her mother.

Gertie Rose, her dark skin glowing, bequeaths her West Indian fan to Moppy Rivinus.

Baby Mitchell, who is mentally shifting uncomfortably from one foot to the other, is foiled when she finds herself the proud possessor of Betsy Rust's intent gaze.

Next year's unknown Service League Treasurer will be lucky but long-suffering in spite of the fact that Em Townsend has left her her ever-pleading oratory, as a parting gift.

Marcia Tuttle, chin up, shoulders back, ties her repartee up in a nice package, and presents her ability to always have the last word to Effie Siegling. You'll have to lose some of that soft southern drawl, Effie.

Vaughan sugar-foots, waltzes, flea-hops, but leaves her Ol' Southern Shag to an eager recipient, Janet Jamison. Pittsburgh should benefit by it.

Ginny Ward leaves her inherent delicacy to Peggy Ward. Peggy laughs and makes this witty remark, "From one Ward to another." Applause.

Miss Holt looks directly at Nancy Waters. Nancy Waters looks directly at the ground and murmurs, "You may have my radical outlook, Miss Holt."

Ginny Williamson, beside herself with joy at something, impulsively thrusts her dynamic spontaneity into the hands of Sally Linen.

Winnie laughs a little laugh, and abruptly gives her "green stockings" to the Dramatic Club.

We hope Woodle will stop long enough to scrutinize even half-heartedly Zabriskie's many, many interests which have been heaped generously upon her.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

I—MARY DYKEMA—sped merrily across the sky in my little Chrysler motoplane. It was a beautiful day, and the traffic on the new Stratosphere Highway was quite light, but I didn't have much chance to enjoy the surroundings, for I was on my way to an important criminal case, and I could not be late. I reached a turn, and there was a light, a red light. Somehow, I just felt like breaking rules—anything to get to the courtroom on time. And there was nothing in sight. So I went on, but just then a huge something came crashing in from a side road and hit me and—

I came to in the hospital, propped up by innumerable pillows and feeling a bit hazy. All the other beds were filled, but the occupants were snoring peacefully. A small white-clad figure trotted between the beds.

"Nurse!" I yelled with much vehemence. She turned, and trotted to me. The face seemed familiar. Suddenly it dawned upon me—Sally Ferguson! A grin of recognition slowly spread over her features. But then she looked puzzled (nay—troubled!). (All this time she was coming down the corridor.) All at once a tremendous sneeze echoed through the ward, and all the patients sat up and began to complain. However, Sally had reached me by now, and we were lost in conversation.

A doctor, hearing the howls of the disturbed patients, roared in to see what was the matter. She was quite capable looking, but a bit annoyed. I looked again—Mary Carter! Of course, it was she.

Mary called everything to order in a jiffy and left Sally struggling to make me stop talking.

Just then an attendant pushed a wheel chair through the ward. A woman was seated in it, babbling, "If you haven't handed in your Service League pledges, do so at once! Two plus two—" Someone in the next bed murmured, "U. S. Secretary of the Treasury Townsend, recovering from nervous breakdown, due to too much balancing of the budget."

The next day a very efficient lawyer came in to interview me for damages to the bus which I had run into (at least, he said it was a bus).

"Miss Caulkins," he said—

"Who?" I queried.

"Miss Caulkins, the bus-driver. She was taking her Sunday School class out on a picnic, had chartered a bus for the occasion, and was taking them for a ride. She's filing a damage suit against you."

The case came up some time later. (I meanwhile spent my days digging up cash to pay a fine for running past a red light.)

As I entered the hallway of the courthouse, I observed a singular looking person, with paint brush in hand, busy covering the walls with distinctly fuzzy looking murals. I couldn't understand why. All of a sudden I caught sight of the initials, J. B. C. Jean Crump. I looked again. The features were the same, but something was missing. The Bangs! And the paint brush—the same! I consulted an attendant—"Yes, she's our foremost unrealistic painter," quoth he.

I almost staggered into the courtroom. The judge had not yet appeared.

Having nothing else to do, I began to consult a copy of *Life*, which I had bought just a few minutes before. The first page to which I turned bore a picture of a highly familiar face with the following remark:

"Miss Gertrude Rose, leader of the 'Red' riots staged in New Haven this week. The banner which she carries bears the following inscription, 'Down with capitalistic labor, or all labor for that matter!'"

Just then the judge came in. But as I shut the copy of *Life*, I noticed a glamorous "ad" on the back cover adorned with a portrait of an exotic platinum-blonde, who, how-

THE CHATHAMITE

ever, had the unmistakable features of Carroll Montgomery. At last she had attained her goal—the hair, I mean!

I looked up—the judge was seated. But the Roman nose, the judiciary brow—why, it was Doffy Bettle, forsooth, who after “weighing our merits and pardoning our offenses” with such firm judiciary power at school had become an honored justice, later to become, perhaps, who knows, a member of the Supreme Court—if there is one!

My case was not the first. While the other trial was going on, a sleek and well-groomed woman entered, with a copy of *True Detective Stories* under one arm. She sat down amid much whispering. Someone behind her murmured—“Why that’s Frances Munson! You know, the one who writes those *divine* Dime Detective stories.” Heavens! Could this be Chatham’s classic muse of the pen? Uh-huh.

The next case was a criminal one. Munson seemed quite interested. While the attorney-for-the-defense made his opening remarks to the jury, I must confess, my attention wandered. The press was seated in the front row of the gallery. I couldn’t help but stare at one prosperous-looking woman reporter. She did so look like “Lukie” Houghteling. I asked someone. “Yeah, that’s her! She’s the city editor of *The Bugler* out on vacation.” Had “Lukie” really taken editorship so seriously? I should have thought her morning assembly pleas for contributions to the *Literary Magazine* so many years ago would have been enough.

Just then I heard groans of rapture among the male members of the gallery. A beautiful woman walked in, dressed in the height of tailored style. I could envisage a shining limousine waiting for her down on the street. She turned her profile towards me. English class—1937. Miss Holt, saying, “Marian Cowles, will you please read us your version of Browning’s philosophy?” Yes, it was Marian. I had heard that she was around town, but had not chanced to see her before. And I comprehended the beauty of the clothes she wore, too. For I had seen that Natalie Munson, the famous woman’s tailor, had asked those voted to be the ten best-dressed women in the country if they would honor her with their patronage. (Marian was No. 1 in America that year.)

The murder case was awaiting the return of the jury. They entered slowly. Judge Bettle interrogated the spokesman, whom I could not see. Just then someone in front of me moved, and I saw Gildersleeve’s beaming face, as she gurgled—“We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty.”

Then came my case. I went forward to take the oath. But whom should I see as I turned to swear, “To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God,” but Carol Erskine. Unlike the courtroom attendants in the movies, she administered the oath slowly and deliberately. I couldn’t tell why. Suddenly I noticed that she was looking down and not at me, in a sort of trance. I followed her gaze and saw in her hand a tiny sheet of yellow paper—Aha! *The Tryon Gazette*. (I had always hoped that that paper would grow up some day, but at this time I saw that my hopes must be frustrated.)

I ascended the stand. The District Attorney had consented to handle Miss Caulkins’s case. Suddenly a flood of words broke over me and I found myself crushed to earth by their rapidity and force. After a moment, this ceased. “But surely,” I thought, “has someone at last been found who can talk faster than ‘P. K.’ Kingsland? She’s had the world’s title so long I’d have hated to see her lose it!” I looked up—it was “P. K.” herself, talking faster than I had ever heard her. I knew that she’d gone to a training school in that line—but—

A loud mutter from the gallery distracted my attention. I peered back. Someone had entered and was standing in the middle of the aisle, with a huge telescope, which was directed at the great glass ceiling. I looked up involuntarily. The night had come on, and all the stars were shining. Finally, an usher came up and tapped the intent astronomer on the shoulder. At last, a head became visible above the telescope. Those dark unfathomable eyes, that drawl, as she said, “Oh, ah me, so sorry. I’d hoped you wouldn’t mind,” could

THE CHATHAMITE

belong to none other than Betsy Rust. She walked slowly out, while two small attendants dragged the telescope out after her.

The District Attorney fired another question at me, "How many miles an hour do you suppose you were going?" "I don't know." "Call the mathematics department," she cried. The court waited in silence for about five minutes. At the end of that time a woman entered the room and stormed down to the bench. She carried a ruler, several compasses, a protractor, and an adding machine. It was Marcia Tuttle! District Attorney Kingsland demanded of her that she find out how many miles an hour I was going when the accident occurred. Marcia thereupon proceeded to measure my height, my waist-line, and the length of each leg. Then, seated on the floor, she began to mutter strange incantations to herself—like, "The square of the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides." Finally she drew herself up to her full height, and announced, "90 and $\frac{3}{8}$ miles per hour." Then she stalked out.

At that moment ten small boys, all dressed in sailor suits, rose up from the gallery, and piped in a childish treble, "Hear, hear!" Their agitated mother, Evelyn Byrd Henry, tried to calm them, but to no avail.

The next instant another line of ten small boys, this time dressed in gray uniforms which looked strangely Hargravish to me, stood up and shrieked, "So what?" Lorna Crute, distracted beyond measure, rose up to calm her darlings, but was finally forced to take them out.

As she and the ten left, a very nice couple strolled in. The woman leaned down and affectionately patted the tenth on the head. "Oh, Gordie," she squealed, "aren't they just too cute for anything?" "Gordie" looked a bit baffled, but murmured an assent. I then looked twice at the woman as she dragged "Gordie" to a seat in the first row. It was Eileen Pyle! So at last her day-dreams had come true!

After all this uproar, District Attorney Kingsland ordered that the courtroom be cleared. So I saw no more old faces that day. (Incidentally, Jeano won the case.)

Meanwhile, the trial I was on my way to attend when my accident had occurred was awaiting my return to active service. At last it got under way again.

This time, as I entered the courthouse, the murals by Jean Crump were done. I noticed a rather familiar-looking woman staring at them intently through a pair of lorgnettes, silver-handled, set with sapphires. It was Gertrude Potter, world-famous, Italian art connoisseur. She turned to me as I passed, and murmured, "Why must they patronize these execrable American artists?" "Charity begins at home," I replied, and stalked into the courtroom.

The case was a murder case, and Mary Philbin, noted underworld figure, was my client for the defense. District Attorney Kingsland was on hand again, which was rather disconcerting.

Since the murder had been committed on one of the city picnic-grounds, the Head of the National Picnic-Ground Committee, Anne Bundy, was present. For the benefit of the gallery, she opened the trial with a description of the fatal scene.

It seems that Maisie (Philbin) was eating a peanut-butter and bacon sandwich in the company of Ginny Downing and Ginny Williamson. The former had brought her latest trick horse with her (who, incidentally, was almost human). Maisie was in the process of making some cynical remark when the horse, Goldilocks, whinnied. Maisie lost her temper, and, it was contended, killed Goldilocks who (being almost human) was considered murdered. No one knew how it was done, except that someone had advanced the theory that "Maisie" had a henchwoman hiding in the woods with a sawed-off shotgun equipped with a silencer. The only person who could be discovered on the scene was Eleanor Herrick but her only possible weapon was a pair of binoculars. She said she was looking for birds, but since Eleanor had never been interested in birds, it seemed improbable.

THE CHATHAMITE

Of course, there was Ginny Williamson, but since she was Secretary of the City Police Force, on holiday, it seemed hardly right to suspect her.

During this explanation of the crime, I looked about the gallery. In the front row was Ann Douglas Orr, Head of New Haven's Woman's Club, weeping copiously at the injustice she believed was being imposed on her old friend, Maisie. On the other side sat Margaret Vaughan, whom I had heard was in town aiding in the research work on such staid, old-fashioned dances, as the shag, "on which she is an expert." The only different thing about her was her hair. I couldn't figure out what she had done to it, until suddenly I noticed "Diddy" Babcock, the famous hair-styles designer, sitting next to her.

By this time the District Attorney had argued herself hoarse, so the court took a recess. Meanwhile, Laura Carey, a dancer in the employ of the W. P. A., came out and entertained the gallery with a specimen of terpsichorean art. (Maybe, that's the right word—I couldn't swear to it!)

At last the court came into session again and in spite of my impassioned oratory the case was lost. I went home to listen to the radio, and tuned in on Barbara "Snooper" Grinnell, Walter Winchell's successor on the "Fluffy-Wuff" flour program.

The execution was to take place a week later, at five thirty-one and a half in the morning. Grieving for poor Maisie, I decided, however, to go to bid her farewell. I arrived at five-ten. As I came to her cell, a tall chaplain was reading prayers over Maisie, who was weeping tears of repentance for this crime she hadn't done. The chaplain ended, and turned to me. Imagine my surprise to find that it was Kitty Hobson who had been performing the next to the last rites over my poor friend.

It had been Maisie's last request that Mme. Julie Rogère, the famous opera star, should sing a hymn as she walked the last mile. So, while Maisie slowly started towards an undeserved punishment, Julie's soft voice thrilled all who listened.

But "Stop!" someone yelled. "Hold everything! Miss Philbin's been reprieved! The real criminal's been found!" At that moment there was a blinding flash as someone clicked a picture of the startled group. As soon as we could see again, we saw Virginia Ward, the *Daily Mirror's* crack candid camera woman, rush down the corridor in the direction of her far-distant editor.

Well, the upshot of it all was this. Miss Barbara Winlock, the famous anthropologist, had been strolling around the scene of the crime, when she came upon a strange creature, swinging from tree to tree with fiendish glee. "Zabriskie," she shrieked, and her anthropological instinct was right. It was that rare species of Mad Megia which is noted for its ferocity. Its very presence can cause the death of any animal except man. Winlock, being a very quick thinker, put two and two together, and deduced the cause of Goldilocks's death.

That night, as I staggered wearily homeward, I bethought that I would enjoy something to read—something soothing.

So I went into a small library that stood nearby, and asked the librarian, Nancy Waters, who for once knew where to find things in the library, for a good book. "How about a murder story?" she suggested.

I swooned.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This may sound most irregular, but I assure you that it's all quite true.
Witnessed by my own hand this seventeenth day of July, 1952.

Mary Dykema

THE CHATHAMITE

SENIOR ELECTIONS

Who has done most for Chatham.....	Mary Dykema
Who has done most for the class.....	Jean Caulkins
Most popular with students.....	{ Mary Dykema Julia Rogers Anne Bundy
Most popular with teachers.....	Betty Zabriskie
Best athlete.....	Eleanor Herrick
Brainiest.....	Betty Zabriskie
Best looking.....	Gertrude Potter
Cutest.....	Jean Caulkins
Best dressed.....	Marian Cowles
Most lady-like.....	Evelyn Byrd Henry
Most unobtrusive.....	Virginia Ward
Prettiest hair.....	Gertrude Rose
Best figure.....	Mary Carter
Neatest.....	Carroll Montgomery
Most comical.....	Jane Gildersleeve
Worst punster.....	Maisie Philbin
Most optimistic.....	Julia Rogers
Noisiest.....	Pauline Kingsland
Most pessimistic.....	Maisie Philbin
Most versatile.....	Betty Zabriskie
Most tactful.....	Mary Dykema
Most thoughtful.....	Betsy Rust
Pluckiest.....	Julia Rogers
Most conscientious.....	Nancy Waters
Most stubborn.....	Barbara Winlock
Most energetic.....	Virginia Williamson
Quickest thinker.....	Marcia Tuttle
Most argumentative.....	Marcia Tuttle
Most sophisticated.....	Carroll Montgomery
Most widely-read.....	Carroll Montgomery
Best singer.....	Julia Rogers
Best actress.....	Betty Zabriskie
Best dancer.....	Laura Carey
Most artistic.....	Emilie Townsend
Biggest man-hater.....	Virginia Downing
First to get married.....	Eileen Pyle

THE CHATHAMITE

WE'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER

NAME	WHERE FOUND	PET ABOMINATION	WHAT SHE ASPIRES TO BE	WHAT SHE IS
Babcock, "Diddy"	In Crumpie's room	Insincerity	Married	A school-girl
Cowles, "Marian"	In the Presbyterian Church	Giggling	A doctor	A New Yorker
Munson, "Nat"	In a Brooks	"Rah-rah"	Who knows?	Impregnable
Williamson, "Ginny"	Looking for gobs of people	Selfishness	The knobs	Restless
Vaughan, "Mar"	In the tearoom	Damyankees	A radical	Southern
Rogers, "Julie"	Breakfasting in bed	Paper-crunchers	Torch-singer	An optimist
Herrick, "Ellie"	Getting the bird	Onions	Ornithologist	Gracious
Carey, "Laura"	In her bathrobe	Order	A lawyer	Lighthearted
Erskine, "Carol"	Listening to the vic	Bracelet-janglers	An artist	Swing-fiend
Potter, "Gerty"	Killing wasps with Baby	Bedroom slippers	Jack-of-all-trades	Frank
Bundy, "Bun"	At the Brush's	Growing old	Gay divorcée	Naïve
Downing, "Ginny"	Training colts	Sissies	Something to do with horses	Energetic
Hobson, "Kitty"	Forwarding the Forward Movement	Detail	First lady-preacher	Idealist
Philbin, "Maisie"	Scrutinizing the waist-line	Life	Dissipated-looking	Cynic philosopher
Kingsland, "P. K."	Pasting pictures	Washing stockings	Sophisticated	Impulsive
Zabriskie, "Betty"	On the stage	Cheer leaders	Anything but an editor	Unusual
Pyle, "Eileen"	Writing letters	Conceit	A good friend	In love
Ward, "Ginny"	We're offering a reward	Getting up early	Talkative	Intangible
Caulkins, "Jeano"	Yelling for "Pit"	Not understanding jokes	Owner of a family	Fickle

THE CHATHAMITE

WE'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER

NAME	WHERE FOUND	PET ABOMINATION	WHAT SHE ASPIRES TO BE	WHAT SHE IS
Henry, "Evie"	Reading <i>The Log</i>	Monday lunch	Mother of little ensigns	Lady-like
Winlock, "Winnie"	Talking	Gushing	A diplomat	Stubborn
Rust, "Betsy"	Hiding under a brim	Squeaky floors	Far-sighted	Near-sighted
Gildersleeve, "Gil"	In the tub	Mayonnaise	Something	Comical
Carter, "Mary"	Under a White Flag	Harvard	A doctor	Hater of smooth men
Montgomery, "Mont"	Reading	Children	Platinum-blonde	On the way
Tuttle, "Marcia"	In Dykie's room	Hypocrisy	A Helen Wills	Generous
Munson, "Franny"	In the back row	Athletics	A writer	Elusive
Orr, "Annie"	Relaxing	Unpoised people	Ina Ray Hutton	The Greeks had a word for it
Crump, "Crumpie"	Diddy's room	Wrinkled sheets	Costume-designer	Costume-designer
Houghteling, "Lukie"	Chasing Miss Hensleigh	Women's Auxiliaries	Great journalist	Chatham's struggling editor
Dykema, "Dykie"	Eating prunes	Lack of time	Imaginative	Practical
Ferguson, "Sally"	Anywhere sneezing	Wet bathing suits	Kindergarten teacher	Unsophisticated
Crute, "Crutie"	Chatham ticket-booth	Housecleaning	Typist, etc.	Sincere
Bettle, "Doffy"	In the pool	Coming-out	Architect	Conscientious
Townsend, "Em"	Reading the <i>Philadelphia Ledger</i>	Chatham mattresses	Successful decorator	Neat
Waters, "Nancy"	In the library	Browning	Soapbox agitator	Revolutionary
Rose, "'Gertrude!'"	Prinking	Oral reports	Second Mary Taylor	Lazy
Grinnell, "Grendel"	With Buffy	Distance between here and Panama	She doesn't care	Pixillated

THE CHATHAMITE

THEIR THEME SONGS

Mr. Duncan.....	<i>The Best Things Happen At Night</i>
Mr. Taylor.....	<i>Little Man With the Hammer</i>
Miss Boehm.....	<i>He's Just My Bill</i>
Miss Holt.....	<i>I Can't Escape from You</i>
Miss H. Thomson.....	<i>I Ain't Gonna Sin no More</i>
Miss S. Thompson.....	<i>My Gal Sal</i>
Miss Asgaard.....	<i>Don't Stop Me If You've Heard It Before</i>
Miss Liniere.....	<i>Hinky Dinky Parley-Voo</i>
Mrs. Poague.....	<i>Little Old Lady</i>
Miss Sims.....	<i>Take a Number from One to Ten</i>
Mrs. Bray.....	<i>The Boston Tea Party</i>
Miss Hodgman.....	<i>The Scene Changes</i>
Miss Stewart.....	<i>She's a Latin (From Manhattan?)</i>
Mrs. Williams.....	<i>I've Got a Pain in My Sawdust</i>
Miss A. Williams.....	<i>I've Got Rhythm in My Nursery Rhymes</i>
Miss Marshall.....	<i>Why Stars Come Out at Night</i>
Mrs. Felts.....	<i>Tiptoe Thru the Tulips</i>
Dr. and Mrs. Lee.....	<i>The Little Red Schoolhouse</i>
Mrs. Herndon.....	<i>Washboard Blues</i>
Miss Hensleigh.....	<i>Everything's Been Done Before</i>
Miss Jones.....	{ <i>Let's Have Another Cup o' Coffee</i> <i>and Let's Have Another Piece of Pie</i>
Miss L. Williams.....	<i>Pardon My Southern Accent</i>
Miss Nicholson.....	<i>I'm Nuts About Screwy Music</i>
Miss Andrus.....	<i>I'd Rather Lead a Band</i>
Miss Baldwin.....	<i>If I Had a Talking Picture of You</i>
Mrs. Davis.....	<i>Facts and Figures</i>
Mrs. Warnock.....	<i>Knock, Knock, Who's There</i>
The Brushes.....	<i>Mr. and Mrs. Is the Name</i>
Miss Miller.....	<i>Of Thee I Sing</i>
Dr. Hammer.....	<i>You're a Builder-Upper</i>
Mr. Rainey.....	<i>Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day</i>



Best love
for my year
merry

THE CHATHAMITE



JUNIOR CLASS

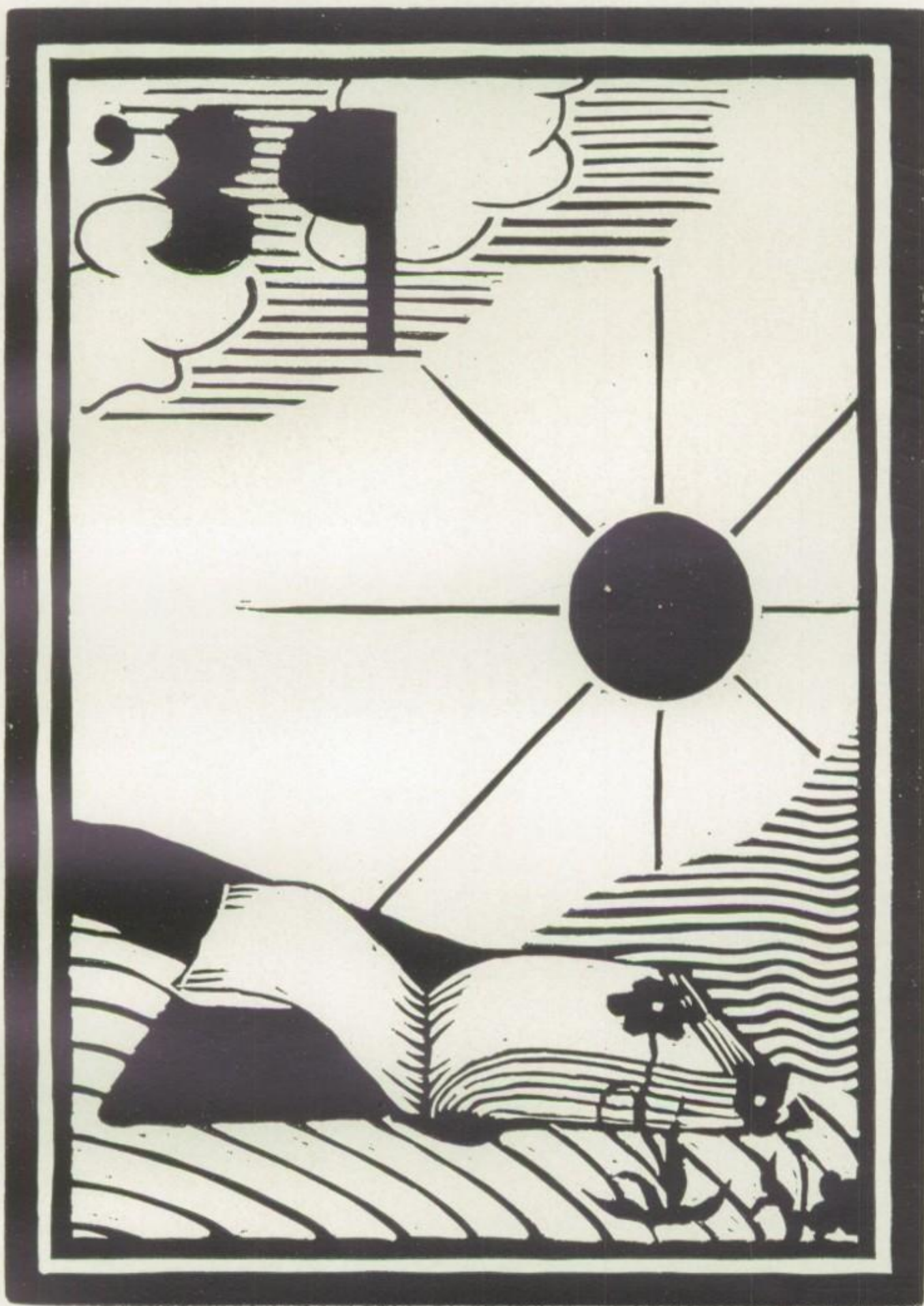
OFFICERS

President.....DOROTHEA BERKELEY
 Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer.....MARTHA RIVINUS
 Sponsor.....MRS. BRUSH

MEMBERS

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Olivia Birckhead | Julia Foraker | Carol Murray |
| Fredericka Berger | Belle Franklin | Patricia O'Brian |
| Caroline Boxley | Jean Fuller | Polly Pell |
| Louisa Bridge | Marguerite Gray | Phoebe Perry |
| Mary Eliza Brown | Emily Griffin | Edith Porter |
| Jean Brundred | Mary Jane Hart | Hope Rogers |
| Harriet Chandler | Molly Hays | Sally Snowden |
| Sarah Choate | Louise Herron | Mary Sprague |
| Sheila Clark | Marguerite Hillman | Helen Stephenson |
| Lydia Cobb | Alice Hollister | Jean Stewart |
| Alice Cocke | Margaret Holt | Claire Streeter |
| Frances Colville | Marie Hulburd | Olivia Thorndike |
| Phyllis Cook | Alice Jaques | Ellen Vale |
| Edith Cowles | Louise Liggett | Virginia Vinnedge |
| Ruth Cunningham | Kitty King McCready | Peggy Ward |
| Anne Deering | Martha McIntosh | Florence Wardwell |
| Elizabeth Derrick | Evelyn Mills | Pollie Winslow |
| Louise Dorrance | Elisa Mitchell | Virginia Witherow |
| Marjorie Fletcher | Joan Morgan | Adena Wright |

*Susan Applegate: Left end first semester.



Have a swell
time this
summer. See
you next fall.
See you
in fall.

THE CHATHAMITE

the
wonder
scribe
love
to you.
Harris



SOPHOMORE CLASS

OFFICERS

President.....MARY FOSTER PITNEY
 Secretary and Treasurer.....MARCIA WILLIAMS
 Sponsor.....MISS BOEHM

MEMBERS

Nancy Blackford
 Alice Blair
 Barbara Briggs
 Peggy Campbell
 Mary Buchanan Carothers
 Ellen Chidsey
 Clara Clapp
 Jean Crispell
 Helen Daniel
 Nancy Dennis
 Ann Donaldson
 Elizabeth Evans
 Sara Hastie
 Frances Hathaway

Elsie Hyde
 Janet Jamison
 Spencer Kimball
 Ethel Lasell
 Genevieve Lee
 Marion Lowry
 Barbara McGiffert
 Mary McClean McKissick
 Barbara Mallory
 Helen Montgomery
 Peggy Orr
 Anne Osborn

Mary Osborn
 Helen Owsley
 Joan Reid
 Anne Rose
 Elizabeth Schaff
 Effie Siegling
 Mary Washington Speer
 Louise Stillwell
 Elizabeth Stokes
 Phyllis Tenney
 Lee Thacher
 Eleanor Williams
 Margot Woodle
 Joan Wyeth

My dear Miss
both
wonder
if you
for stew
with love
from Betty

it's been truly frequent
of this place - Needless to say,
appear on their scene
upon looks de suite from



*Steve - It's been
swell knowing you and
I wish you could
for your senior year -
see you next fall -
Love - Betsy*



FRESHMAN CLASS

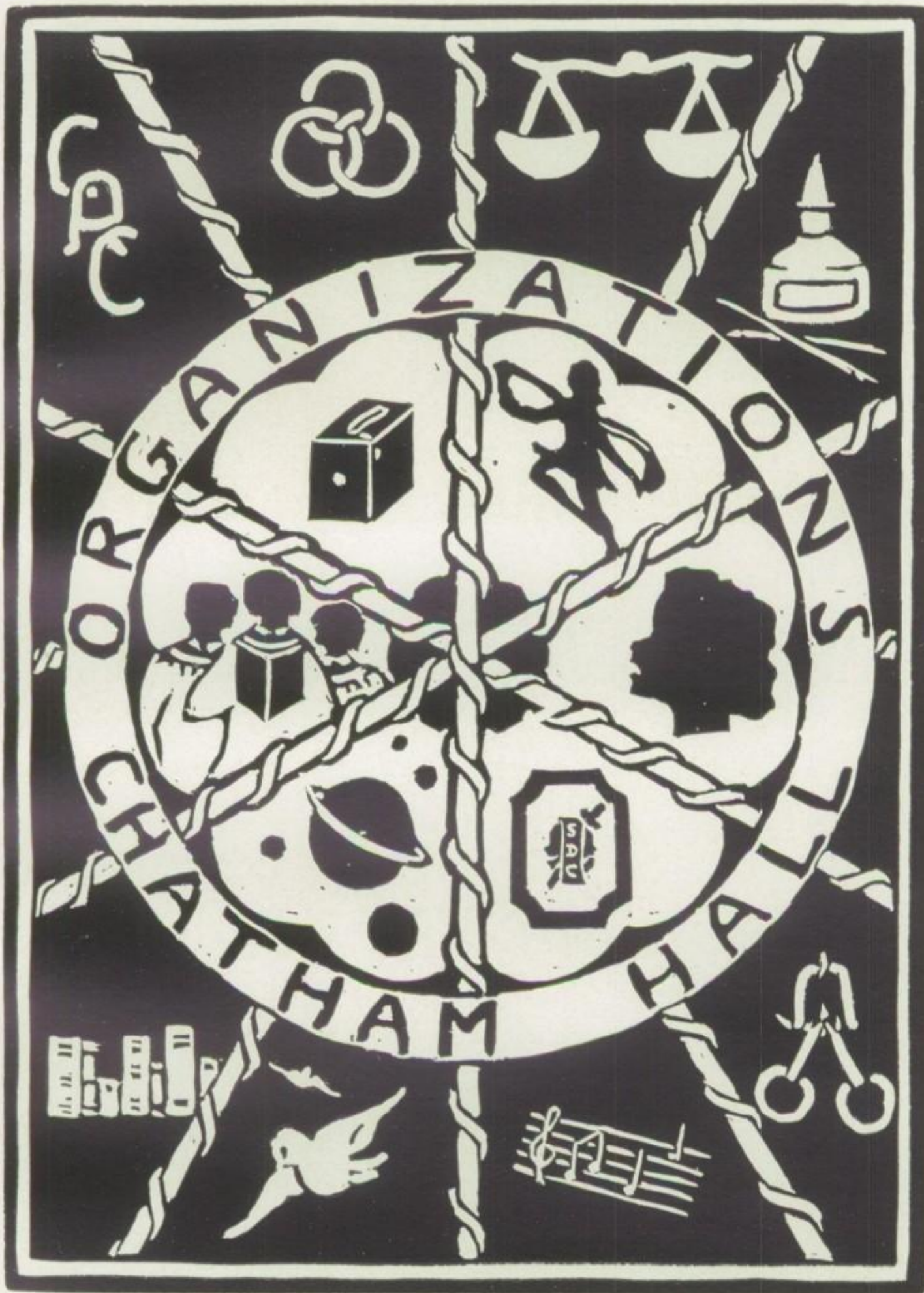
OFFICERS

President.....JOY VAN TINE
Secretary.....BARBARA BROWN
Sponsor.....MISS AMY WILLIAMS

MEMBERS

Louise Debardeleben
Sally Linen
Betsy Perkins
Ethel Randolph

Dale Rollins
Anne Katharine Viccellio
Mary Parrish Viccellio
Mary Wilmer



THE CHATHAMITE



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

A small group of carefully chosen girls are elected to the Student Council each year. The Council serves as a bridge between the faculty and students, rendering a great service for a more complete and friendly understanding between them. Mary Dykema has done a splendid piece of work as President, developing and advancing its ideas and ideals. The Council maintains the school's high honor and loyalty, as well as discipline, and adds to the general harmony of life in school.

OFFICERS

President.....MARY DYKEMA
Vice-President.....ANN ORR
Sponsor.....MISS HOLT

MEMBERS

Dorothy Bettie
Anne Bundy
Kitty Hobson

Betty Zabriskie

Julia Rogers
Betsy Rust
Virginia Williamson

THE CHATHAMITE



THE SERVICE LEAGUE

This year's officers and chairmen of the departments have followed in the footsteps of their predecessors admirably. This is the third year of the revised organization and its ideas and high standards are now deep-rooted and well-established. The Service League, whose membership is made up of the entire student body, is sub-divided into the following groups: Social Outlook (to study and help the needs in this vicinity), under Lucretia Houghteling with Miss Hensleigh as sponsor; the Race Relations (to learn about and to aid the people with whom we come in contact in order to create a more sympathetic understanding among the races of the world), with Alice Hollister as chairman and Miss Holt acting as sponsor; World Outlook (to broaden our viewpoint on international affairs and foreign problems), under Barbara Winlock with Miss Henrietta Thomson as sponsor; School Life, which under Anne Bundy's direction and with the help of Mrs. Brush, sponsors picnics, parties, Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets, as well as stockings, and many other general entertainments; and the Devotional Department, which takes charge of the chapel and does many services for the church in Chatham, under the supervision of Kitty Hobson and Mrs. Poague.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	ELEANOR HERRICK
<i>Secretary</i>	BETTY ZABRISKIE
<i>Treasurer</i>	EMILIE TOWNSEND
<i>Sponsor</i>	MRS. LEE

THE CHATHAMITE



C. A. C.

The Chatham Athletic Council is an important organization in the life of the school. Its members are the leading athletes, who are chosen not only for their athletic ability, but also for their sportsmanship, cooperation, responsibility, and willingness to help Miss Boehm and Miss Amy. They often take charge of the sports either in the pool, on the golf course, or on the hockey field. In general, they keep the athletics running smoothly and promote enthusiasm among the other girls.

OFFICERS

President.....VIRGINIA WILLIAMSON

Sponsors.....MISS BOEHM, MISS AMY WILLIAMS

MEMBERS

Dorothy Bettie
Mary Dykema
Eleanor Herrick

Louise Herron
Kitty Hobson
Polly Pell

Helen Stephenson

THE CHATHAMITE



THE BIT AND SPUR CLUB

The purpose of the riding club is to forward and encourage riding at Chatham Hall. Ginny Downing is the capable President of the club, now in its fifth year, and has done a great deal to assist the beginners and generally advise the many girls who ride. With Mr. and Mrs. Brush's careful help and interest, the members have sponsored the paper chases, gymkhana last fall, and the Horse Show in June. At May Day they help Mr. and Mrs. Brush in making a careful and precise drill.

Quite a few new members have been taken in this year with the usual suspense and delight of all. These girls have been chosen not only for their ability to ride but also for their sportsmanship and attitude.

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	GINNY DOWNING
<i>Vice-President</i>	BETSY RUST
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	MOLLY HAYS
<i>Sponsor</i>	MR. BRUSH
<i>Honorary Member</i>	MRS. BRUSH

MEMBERS

Alice Hollister
Margaret Holt
Spencer Kimball
Elizabeth Stokes

Ellen Vale
Barbara Winlock
Virginia Witherow
Margot Woodle

THE CHATHAMITE



ACTING DRAMATIC CLUB



DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION



DANCE CLUB

*Dear Steve
 This is a grand
 year next year -
 keep up the athletics
 and let's hope it
 comes true.
 Lots of love
 always, Phoebe.*

THE CHATHAMITE

THE SHERWOOD DRAMATIC CLUB

Once again the Dramatic Club has surpassed its superior achievements of the past. Last year we saw what we considered very good acting, directing, staging, and costuming, but this year has seen many even finer productions. Under Miss Hodgman's supervision and coaching and Martha McIntosh's leadership as President, the club has presented such plays as *When the Whirlwind Blows*, *Green Stockings*, and the Commencement play, *The Swan*, by Ferenc Molnar. As last year, the Club is divided into two different sections, the Acting Dramatic Club and the Dramatic Association, the latter taking care of scenery, costumes, and make-up.

THE DANCE CLUB

The wonderful work of last year's organization has been continued in the able hands of Kitty King McCready with Miss Amy Williams as sponsor and director. During the first term, the club presented selections from the dance recitals of last year, in order to let the new girls have a chance to see the type of work the Dance Club purposed to carry on. During the last term, another recital of the usual standard of excellence was given.

THE SHERWOOD DRAMATIC CLUB

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	MARTHA MCINTOSH
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	GERTRUDE POTTER
<i>Official Prompter</i>	JULIA ROGERS
<i>Sponsor</i>	MISS HODGMAN

MEMBERS

Nancy Blackford	Mary Dykema	Evelyn Mills
Jean Brundred	Julia Foraker	Patricia O'Brian
Mary Carothers	Marguerite Gray	Ann Orr
Ellen Chidsey	Barbara Grinnell	Dale Rollins
Sarah Choate	Mary Jane Hart	Elizabeth Schaff
Alice Cocke	Kitty Hobson	Mary Speer
Phyllis Cook	Janet Jamison	Mary Sprague
Marian Cowles	Louise Liggett	Virginia Vinnedge
Ruth Cunningham	Sally Linen	Peggy Ward
Anne Deering	Kitty King McCready	Marcia Williams
Elizabeth Derrick	Barbara McGiffert	Pollie Winslow
Ann Donaldson	Barbara Mallory	Joan Wyeth
Louise Dorrance		Betty Zabriskie

THE CHATHAMITE

MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

<i>Stage</i>	<i>Costumes</i>	<i>Make-up</i>
Phoebe Perry	Martha McIntosh	Jean Caulkins
Emilie Townsend	Fredericka Berger	Anne Bundy
Peggy Campbell	Dorothy Bettie	Laura Carey
Ruth Cunningham	Jean Brundred	Helen Daniels
Margaret Holt	Mary Carter	Jean Fuller
Mary Foster Pitney	Jean Crump	Evelyn Byrd Henry
Sally Snowden	Carol Erskine	Eleanor Herrick
Jean Stewart	Jane Gildersleeve	Helen Montgomery
Elizabeth Stokes	Alice Hollister	Natalie Munson
Elinor Williams	Elisa Mitchell	Peggy Orr
Barbara Winlock	Martha Rivinus	Betsy Perkins
Virginia Witherow	Louise Stillwell	Anne Rose
		Olivia Thorndike

THE DANCE CLUB

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	KITTY KING MCCREADY
<i>Secretary</i>	LAURA CAREY
<i>Sponsor</i>	MISS AMY WILLIAMS

MEMBERS

Olivia Birckhead	Barbara Mallory
Barbara Briggs	Elisa Mitchell
Anne Bundy	Joan Morgan
Sarah Choate	Phoebe Perry
Edith Cowles	Mary Foster Pitney
Jean Crump	Edith Porter
Helen Daniel	Gertrude Potter
Anne Deering	Helen Stephenson
Julia Foraker	Jean Stewart
Elsie Hyde	Phyllis Tenney
Janet Jamison	Margaret Vaughan
Louise Liggett	Betty Zabriskie



THE CHOIR

The Choir will always remain an essential part of the school life. Miss Andrus's marvelous direction has been increasingly an inspiration to the members. The Dramatic Club collaborated with the Choir at Christmas to give a pageant with carols; and the night before Christmas vacation the Choir sang appropriate hymns through the halls of Pruden and Dabney. Many new anthems and chants have been learned this year as well.

MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR

Dolly Berkeley	Evelyn Mills
Dorothy Bettie	Elisa Mitchell
Nancy Blackford	Natalie Munson
Anne Deering	Edith Porter
Nancy Dennis	Gertrude Potter
Louise Dorrance	Martha Rivinus
Carol Erskine	Julia Rogers
Jane Gildersleeve	Effie Siegling
Louise Herron	Mary Sprague
Alice Jaques	Phyllis Tenney
Sally Linen	Olivia Thorndike
Barbara Mallory	Margaret Vaughan
Kitty King McCready	Adena Wright
Martha McIntosh	Joan Wyeth
Betty Zabriskie	

THE CHATHAMITE



THE GLEE CLUB

Miss Miller deserves a great deal of credit and praise for her splendid work of the past year. In the fall she conducted a concert consisting of a varied program and during the second term, she presented *Ruddigore* by Gilbert and Sullivan which was repeated for the Alumnae. Julia Rogers is the President and she has helped make the year most successful.

OFFICERS

President.....JULIA ROGERS
Secretary and Treasurer.....BETTY ZABRISKIE

MEMBERS OF THE GLEE CLUB

Dolly Berkeley
 Dorothy Bettle
 Nancy Blackford
 Jean Brundred
 Laura Carey
 Anne Deering
 Nancy Dennis
 Louise Dorrance
 Carol Erskine
 Jane Gildersleeve
 Barbara Grinnell
 Louise Herron

Alice Jaques
 Ethel Lasell
 Louise Liggett
 Sally Linen
 Barbara Mallory
 Kitty King McCready
 Martha McIntosh
 Evelyn Mills
 Elisa Mitchell
 Natalie Munson
 Edith Porter
 Gertrude Potter

Martha Rivinus
 Julia Rogers
 Elizabeth Schaff
 Effie Siegling
 Mary Sprague
 Phyllis Tenney
 Olivia Thorndike
 Margaret Vaughan
 Marcia Williams
 Adena Wright
 Joan Wyeth
 Betty Zabriskie

THE CHATHAMITE

DISCUSSION GROUPS

These groups promote earnest thought on the part of both the leaders and the group. The meetings are held two Sundays in each month and are given over to subjects chosen by the girls themselves. Before the groups are to meet, Mrs. Lee helps the leaders with the points they want to discuss. During the year, we have talked about many of the important problems, both personal and universal, confronting us as Christians.

LEADERS

Fredericka Berger
Dorothy Bettle
Anne Bundy
Jean Caulkins

Sally Ferguson
Louise Herron
Katharine Hobson
Lucretia Houghteling

Ann Orr
Julia Rogers
Emilie Townsend
Virginia Williamson

SUBSTITUTES

Mary Dykema

Eleanor Herrick

Natalie Munson

THE MARSHALS

The duties of the marshals are to keep the general order and neatness of study hall, and to act as ushers at all the entertainments. They have carried out their obligations well and, as was predicted, they have made a lasting position in the school.

MEMBERS

Head Marshal, Gertrude Potter

Pauline Kingsland
Carroll Montgomery

Mary Philbin
Marcia Tuttle

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

The advisory council represents the ideas and desires of the school as a whole. It is an entirely new experiment and is made up of the student council, the presidents of the four classes, and a few other carefully chosen girls.

MEMBERS

Dolly Berkeley
Dorothy Bettle
Anne Bundy
Jean Caulkins
Virginia Downing
Mary Dykema
Eleanor Herrick
Katharine Hobson

Lucretia Houghteling
Ann Orr
Mary Foster Pitney
Julia Rogers
Betsy Rust
Joy Van Tine
Virginia Williamson
Betty Zabriskie

THE CHATHAMITE

CLUBS

THE ART CLUB

Under the supervision of Miss Holst, with Maisie Philbin as President, this organization has contributed a great deal to the life of the school. The members meet every Thursday afternoon in the studio. Their work consists of making posters for plays, recitals, and other events, designing birthday cards, as well as drawing and cutting out wood cuts for *The Chathamite*.

THE ASTRONOMY CLUB

Betsy Rust and Marcia Tuttle are President and Vice-President respectively of the club. They conduct the monthly meetings where lectures, either by the members or Miss Marshall, their sponsor, are given. On clear nights Miss Marshall takes the Astronomy Club star-gazing, and any others, who are interested, may go along.

THE BIRD CLUB

With Miss Hensleigh as sponsor and Ellie Herrick as President, the Bird Club has been very active and most successful, promoting interest in the school and taking girls on bird walks (usually before breakfast on cold mornings!). The members go on all-day trips to lakes and marshes to learn more of birds and their habits. During the winter they keep feeding-stations and sprinkle the ground with food.

THE CAMERA CLUB

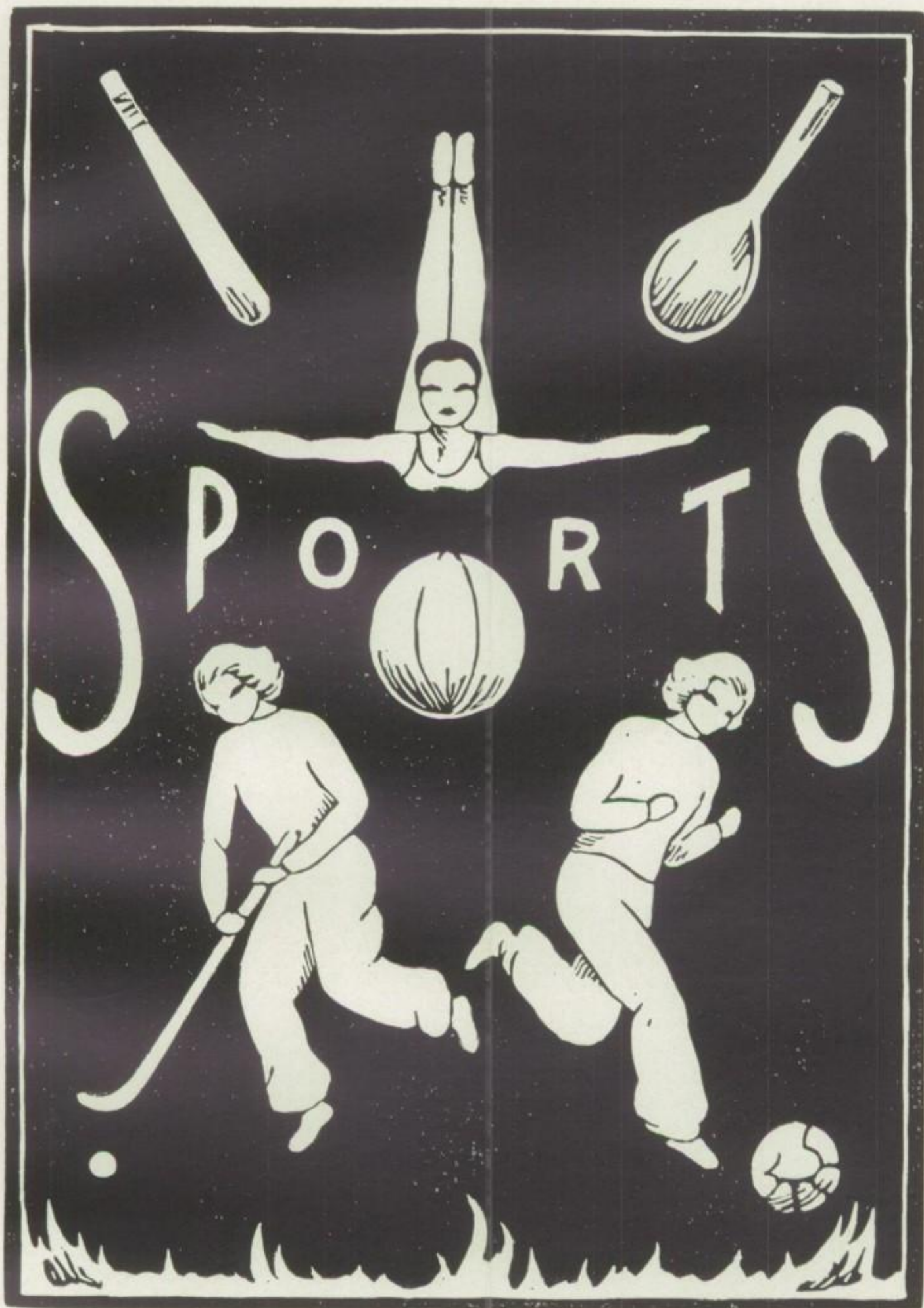
The Camera Club has been reorganized this year, with Miss Baldwin as its sponsor. Although it has not had much time to display its talents, Joan Morgan, with the help of the members, has made a dark room in order to develop, print, and enlarge their pictures. In the spring they are planning to present an exhibition of their work.

THE LITERARY CIRCLE

The club was originally organized purely for pleasure. Betty Zabriskie is the leader. She has kept up its interests and helped Miss Holt in selecting many worthwhile subjects in essays, stories, and poetry. These are read aloud by the members who gather together around the fire in the Pine Room or in Miss Holt's study at the semi-occasional meetings.

THE MUSIC CLUB

Sally Ferguson is the President of this club with Miss Andrus and Miss Nicholson as the sponsors. There are formal and informal gatherings during which the members give performances—often in ensemble work—followed by a general discussion of the execution and technique with comments and criticism. Often reports on musical subjects are given.





WINNER^{and}_{of} RUNNER-UP
TENNIS SINGLES



WINNERS OF DOUBLES
TENNIS TOURNAMENT



VARSITY SOCCER TEAM



WINNER^{and}_{of} RUNNER-UP
GOLF TOURNAMENT



WINNER^{and}_{of} RUNNER-UP
ARCHERY TOURNAMENT



VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM

Stu - I broke the camera and so didn't
want to break your eyes! Well, old gal -
I'll be looking forward to next year and
here's all the love and luck in the world -
THE CHATHAMITE
Yours ever - Belle

SPORTS OF 1937

P In contrast to the more serious sports of the year, the annual Funny Swimming Meet was held early in the fall. This was a contest between the two school teams, Purple and Gold, to determine which group could display the most humor. With great dignity the Purple Team led the way to victory for the third consecutive year, and the Gold Team reciprocated by treating the Purples to a truly superior Hallowe'en Party.

On a skeptical November day, Belle Franklin won the golf tournament with a score of 44 over Kitty Hobson's 47. The gallery, forced by a persistent drizzle to dwindle in size, was replaced by a few admiring dogs. The tournament was, nevertheless, a fine display of sportsmanship and a victory for the Golds. On the same day the archery tournament took place. In the line of winners were first, Mary Jane Hart; second, Frances Colville; and third, Mary Eliza Brown, all Golds. In the ladder for the A and B tennis singles Marcia Tuttle defeated Laura Carey, one of the year's best all-round athletes. The C singles were won by Mary Wilmer. The doubles match proved an exciting one as well as a victory for the Purple Team. It was an exhibition of extremely good tennis in which the opponents were not only well-matched but determined to do their best despite the rain. The next day the final set was played off and Marie Hulburd and Eleanor Herrick defeated Dorothy Bettle and Marcia Tuttle.

The soccer this year was good as well as enjoyable. The First Team game, as one looks back on it, was vivid; the playing, extremely rapid. The fullback defenses were so strong on either side that no goal was made. In the Second Team game, on the other hand, the Purples played beautifully, defeating the Golds 5 to 2. The members on these teams actually played First Team soccer.

After Christmas the hockey season was taken up vigorously on a field alternately hard and fast or muddy and decidedly slow. March eleventh, near the close of a season well-marked with jaunts in the rain, the Golds won the First Team game 2 to 1. The scores of the Second Teams tied. Belle Franklin was carried from the field after receiving a hard blow on the ankle, creating a real atmosphere of tension and excitement.

The two teams have proved so evenly matched that it is a toss-up as to which will win in the end. By the time the winning team is announced the night of the Banquet, the best sports of all the year will have been enjoyed: tennis, swimming, golf, baseball, archery, and badminton. And so the year of sports comes to a successful end—thanks to our inherent potentialities and the excellent coaching of Miss Boehm and Miss Amy.

THE CHATHAMITE



THE MAY COURT

Queen.....BETSY RUST
 Maid of Honor.....JULIA ROGERS
 First Lady of Court.....GERTRUDE ROSE

COURT LADIES

Anne Bundy
 Jean Caulkins
 Eleanor Herrick

Gertrude Potter

Carroll Montgomery
 Frances Munson
 Ann Orr

DRILL

Fredericka Berger
 Boxley
 Louisa Bridge
 Mary Buchanan Carothers
 Harriet Chandler
 Ellen Chidsey
 Clara Clapp
 Sheila Clark
 Ruth Cunningham
 Nancy Dennis
 Virginia Downing
 Molly Hays

Alice Hollister
 Margaret Holt
 Spencer Kimball
 Genevieve Lee
 Mary McLean McKissick
 Betsy Rust
 Elizabeth Stokes
 Marcia Tuttle
 Mary Wilmer
 Barbara Winlock
 Virginia Witherow
 Margot Woodle

GYMKHANA

Fredericka Berger
 Dolly Berkeley
 Sheila Clark
 Nancy Dennis
 Ann Donaldson
 Virginia Downing
 Sally Ferguson
 Mary Jane Hart
 Molly Hays
 Alice Hollister

Margaret Holt
 Spencer Kimball
 Joan Morgan
 Carol Murray
 Helen Stephenson
 Elizabeth Stokes
 Marcia Tuttle
 Eleanor Williams
 Barbara Winlock
 Margot Woodle

To the
 best of our
 friends and
 of the school
 I will wish you
 four
 1937

THE CHATHAMITE



THE CHATHAMITE

HONOR ROLL FIRST SEMESTER

FREDERICKA BERGER

CAROLINE BOXLEY

BARBARA BROWN

MARY ELIZA BROWN

JEAN CAULKINS

SARAH CHOATE

ANN DONALDSON

MARY DYKEMA

JULIA FORAKER

MARY JANE HART

HELEN MONTGOMERY

BETSY RUST

OLIVIA THORNDIKE

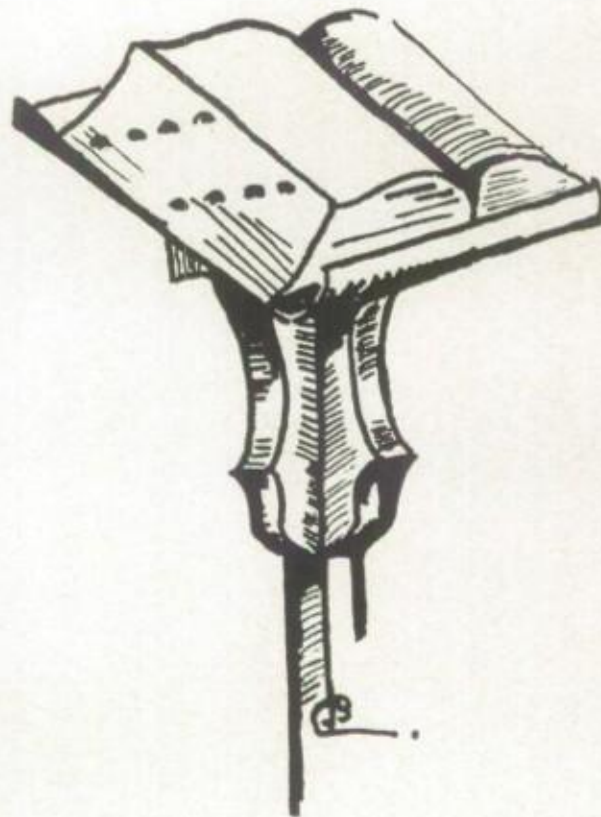
JOY VAN TINE

MARY PARRISH VICCELLIO

MARCIA WILLIAMS

JOAN WYETH

BETTY ZABRISKIE





THE CHATHAMITE

HER MOMENT OF GLORY

"Fred?"

He left his overcoat on the arm of a chair and came quickly towards her.

"Yes, darling. I wasn't so very long, was I?" He took her cool fingers in his hands and gently raised her from her chair.

"Come to the window and smell the spring air; all the trees on the boulevard are out. Have you been in the garden yet? In spite of all your new-fangled planting it ought to be a great success this year." With an arm about her waist he pulled the French windows open with his free hand and guided her carefully out to the terrace. The sun was a red glow on the horizon, stretching indefinitely across the tree-top printed sky. The air was veiled in a vague rosy haze that made an enchanting secret of evening and everything seemed disastrously beautiful.

She stood with her back to the sun and fire danced in her hair and touched the tips of her long lashes. Her pale even skin glowed and the startling whiteness of her eyelids made her face strangely fragile and unbelievable. He told her this and she smiled slowly in the secure knowledge of being beautiful. Her lashes did not flicker, nor her lids move; only her hand that trembled in her husband's seemed conscious. There was a silence. The man's eyes were troubled, watching the transforming sun about her face. He saw a red halo behind her hair and a mist where her face should have been. It was breathtaking and words failed him.

Then the light faded and became a dull yellow with the first shades of night. The spring garden was no longer a fairyland but a man-made thing. The two on the terrace shivered and the man looked with sun-dazed eyes at the girl. She was smiling still, but in the yellow light where one could see her wan face there was no beauty. It had all died out with the make-believe of the sunset and she stood, left behind and forever separated from her lost beauty by the ravages of her disease.

"You are so beautiful," whispered her husband as he helped her indoors, and she, turning to smile at him, did not know he lied for she was blind.

—FRANCES MUNSON, '37

SEA SONG

A pale gold star sang silently
To a phosphorescent sea;
A mermaid combed her silver hair
And yearned for her moonèd image there;
And a knowing fish slid sideways up,
Then lay suspended in the cup
Of an oily, rolling wave.

And sky had ironed earth so flat,
No room for breathing could I see;
But then the fish winked back at me.

—ANN DONALDSON, '39

THE TALE OF THE TENDER TIGER

Millions and millions of years ago,
 In the land where there now is just ice and snow,
 There lived in a sort of a natural cave,
 A saber-toothed tiger whose name was Dave.
 He was handsome and strong,
 With a wide tooth-paste smile,
 Which, with animals then, was the handiest style,
 For one never could tell when one's sparkling life
 Would be mourned for some time by a dutiful wife.
 Dave never had measles, he never had rabies,
 But lo, the poor beast had a weakness for babies.
 He stole them from mastodons, lions and then
 Would return and deposit them safe in his den.
 He would play with them, feed them, and howl them to sleep,
 But the fruits of his labor he never did reap.
 As soon as they'd grown to considerable size,
 They'd look at the jungle with different eyes,
 And all our poor Davie's appeals, threats, and tears,
 Had little effect on their reckless young ears,
 For he had forgotten, though he loved them as brothers,
 They all had been born of non-saber-tooth mothers,
 And naturally wished to return to their kin,
 Though Dave told them firmly that this was a sin.
 So, at last he gave up with a sigh of despair,
 And his beautiful cave became lonely and bare,
 For he couldn't quite think what to do with himself,
 As 'twas considered by neighbors he'd been long on the shelf.

One bright sunny day, as he ambled along,
 His large, furry ear was attracted by song,
 Which came from a neighboring watering place,
 Where each beast of the jungle dabbled his face.
 Dave was enchanted and hastening his pace,
 He rounded a corner—and came face to face
 With the loveliest being he ever had seen,
 With a coat of finest and silkiest sheen.
 She had wonderful whiskers, and two gleaming fangs,
 Which hung down, and gave the appearance of bangs.
 They smiled at each other, and said, "How do you do,"
 In a way that all ladies and gentleman, too,
 Have been taught to make welcome a very fine thing,
 Such as Duchesses, Dukes, or even a king.
 Now Dave who was shy, but accustomed to life,
 Said, "Please, lovely madam, become my dear wife,"
 And she with a coy little gnash of her jaws,
 Looked bashfully down and wiggled her claws.

THE CHATHAMITE

And so they were married with great pomp and joy,
And happiness came to our saber-toothed boy.
He had twelve little boys and twelve little girls,
And our Dave loved his children and curried their curls—
With his great loving paw which he used as a brush,
While his sweet little wifey prepared evening mush,
Which was usually made—so as not to give rabies—
Of mastodon's, lion's or dinosaur's babies.

—ELISA MITCHELL, '37

THE DIARY OF AN INN KEEPER

N. B.: Being the diary of one Will Blakeley, inn keeper, of Will's Inn, which was recently discovered in a little second-hand book-store on Ludgate Hill.

YEAR 1776

May 21

Mutton burned today, which I fear displeased Dr. Johnson. He expressed a very fine sentiment on Garrick and Foote, saying that Foote had only developed the clown's art to perfection, while Garrick had made acting a gentleman's profession. Then after some time come Beauclerk and Reynolds to call him to a Club meeting. A finer gentleman do not exist than Dr. Johnson, or a more scholarly mind.

May 23

Had specially brought in four eel pies from the bakehouse, which our Nan cannot make for lack of eel in the fish market. Took an order for a neat and lark's tongue pastry to be delivered to Dr. Goldsmith at small dinner on Tuesday next. Perchance, I shall see J. Thomson, who is newly come to town, in delivering of it.

May 24

Thos. Davies in for a glass of lamb's wool and looking fine; speaks well of Dr. Johnson; says he came into the book-store lately for an order of Ossian. I believe it may concern young MacPherson, who recently published some discovered verse of Ossian. 'Twill be interesting to know what Dr. Johnson will decide of them.

May 25

No business. Quarrelled with the wife.

May 26

Dr. Johnson and Literary Club in; according to his order—hog's harslet, and metheglin for the non-drinkers, Canary for the drinkers. For my part, I cannot see how such stuff as a hog's offal can be downed while a man is conscious, but I have heard that Dr. J. in his younger days became so accustomed to poor food, through want, that now his tastes are as cultivated as some would like.

THE CHATHAMITE

May 27

Did indeed deliver the pies to the kitchen of the boarding house of Dr. Goldsmith, who was in a great rage as I did so, hearing him in the room above, which he rents. Appears that he is mightily upset on our Dr. Johnson's success in conversation and great repute as a talker. Nay, Goldsmith, attempting the same thing, is a sorry sight. The table looked passing fine as I could see it through the door. Some silver plate, borrowed certainly.

May 28

Mr. James tells me of a certain lamprey pie, which he had yesterday. Indeed it must be rare, else I had heard of it.

May 29

Tierce of hypocras, unloaded and stored. I was a fool to order such a quantity when I have so little call for it.

May 30

News come by Wright, the errand boy, that the Literary Club planning to change their meeting place to here, so I go especially to Dr. Johnson, to make up a pretty message of 'preciation to be given him by his cook—maybe, running something like this:

Dear Dr. Johnson,

Awed as I am by your presence, by your thought, I can hardly bring myself to write this letter, but I can assure you the finest, delicatest foods in London, and the most complete service.

Your obt. and hmble. Svt.,

William Blakeley,
of Will's Tavern.

No sooner was this delivered him than he poked his great head through a second story window, and roared, "Fine, splendid, Blakeley," till the whole street was turned that way. I then did hurry home to prepare a fricassee of rabbits and chickens against their coming.

May 31

Reckoned accounts today, but found myself in no way prospering as last month. Pray God the Club will attract new customers.

As was found by later accounts, Mr. Will Blakeley did prosper, probably because of his growing repute through the Club. Although he had never received a thorough education in childhood, through assiduous attention to his learned patrons, he developed an understanding of literature and political situations far above his station.

—SARAH CHOATE, '38

THE CHATHAMITE

MARY COLTER'S SON

Mary Colter sat by the window of her small, dark kitchen, rocking heavily back and forth in her battered rocking chair, while her fingers automatically pressed hard round peas from their limp, partly-dried pods into a tarnished bowl which she held in her lap. Her bosom rose and fell regularly—with her deep, intense breathing, and her dark, restless eyes stared fixedly out through the open window. Mary Colter's face was long and sallow, its pasty hue tinged with yellow, and sprinkled with sharp, prominent lines. Her wide, extended nostrils gave her a startled, almost defensive expression, which was confirmed by her wide, hard eyes. The sharpness of her other features culminated in her thin-lipped, bitter mouth.

The strong, agile fingers continued to crush out the peas, and the bent head, swathed in a soiled red bandanna, wagged back and forth in time with the movement of the rocking chair. On a large stove in the far corner of the room, a kettle bubbled and sang timidly, and outside as from a different world, came the cheerful, hesitant call of a robin. But the monotonous groan of the old chair drowned out these more pleasant sounds.

Mary Colter had been sitting there a long time. In fact, for so long that she had lost all sense of time. Someone would be coming soon now to tell her what they were going to do with her son. Her breath choked in her throat at the mere thought of him, and for the space of a brief second, her eyes were covered with a glistening film which might have been tears. She began to shell the peas more rapidly, her fingers blundering and fumbling awkwardly with the stubborn pods.

How well she remembered that fateful night some three months ago. Her son, Jack, had gone out immediately after supper, with a cheerful word of farewell. He had called back over his shoulder that he might bring her something nice, and her old heart had throbbed dully with pleasure. Probably the reason that she loved Jack so was because she hated everyone else with such passionate ardor. Ever since that day when her husband had been killed in a riot, she had shut herself away from the world, shrinking farther and farther into herself, and concentrating her every thought and desire upon her son. The love for her boy was the only balm she had for her withered, warped soul.

And then that night late, Jack had burst into the house, slammed shut and bolted the door, and crouched there, his body pressed against it. His eyes had been wide with horror and fright, and his words had rushed out in incoherent spurts.

"He won all my money! All of it, I say! He said 'e wouldn't let me go 'til I paid 'im! I didn't mean to kill 'em! I just meant to knock 'im down. God knows I didn't mean to! God knows—!"

His words had rasped and choked in his throat, and he had dropped on his knees, clutching wildly at the table in front of him, his body shaken with convulsive, hysterical sobs. He was only eighteen.

Then they had come and taken him away—

Mary Colter's hands lay still among the empty pods in her lap, and the nerve-racking screech of the rocker was silent. She glanced abruptly about the dark, bare room, her eyes filled with loathing and disgust. She hated the room. He had stood there by that very table. She hated the old, run-down clock, hanging silently upon the smoky wall. He used to wind it.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of hurried feet coming along the gravel walk, and her distracted gaze jumped back to the window. The door was thrown open, and a small,

THE CHATHAMITE

thin boy slipped inside. He stood blinking into the darkness for a minute and then, making out Mary Colter's stooped figure by the window, whispered haltingly:

"They is goin' to 'lecricute him, tomorrow."

Mary Colter was standing now, and her face seemed to burn in the darkness. She moved quickly into her room and returned with a worn, thread-bare cloak flung about her shoulders.

"Come wi' me, Danny," she said calmly.

Together the two made their way through the crowded uptown streets to the city jail. Silently, impassively, Mary Colter followed the guard down a dim, narrow corridor, and halted before a heavy, barred door. She advanced slowly into the cell, her eyes riveted upon the bare, cold floor. Her eyes, when she raised them, and fastened them upon the eyes of her son, shone with a strange, brilliant glow.

Suddenly, as the guard was walking slowly back up the corridor, he heard the sharp report of a gun. Panic clutched at his heart, and in a frenzy of terror, he ran back up the corridor to the cell he had so recently left. Through the bars, he saw Mary Colter standing above her son, who lay prone upon the floor of the cell, one arm flung across his chest. She turned, and as she spoke, her voice rang shrilly in the chill silence of the cell.

"They couldn't kill my son."

—BETSY RUST, '37

PETER'S TIMMIE

Peter met Timmie in the kitchen-garden on a cloudy day in early May. It was still too soon for fishing-worms, and good ones wouldn't be out for weeks. Peter knew this. Wasn't he a connoisseur of angle-worms? Hadn't he collected 'em for years? His collection of slim, soft, squashy ones and small, slippery, squirmy ones had been marvelous to behold (until he took up fishing). Peter would not have noticed just any worm, but Timmie (his full name was Timothy De Vermicelli Jones) at once caught his eye. It was Timmie's great length or deep coral hue, I think. At any rate, Peter wasn't going to let any ol' robin get ahead of him! He swooped down on poor, frightened Timmie and popped him in a Heinz tomato soup can before one could say, "A representative of most of the phyla of animals from the Platyhelminthes to the Vertebrata."

Timothy De Vermicelli Jones lived a dark life from May till the end of school. But, he was well fed and quickly grew fat. It was a quiet life, but safe, at least. The day came, however, when Peter could not resist the lure of the finny tribe and out came Timmie.

It was a lovely place in which to die. The stream looked cool with the green shadows guarding it from the glaring sunlight. Poor Timmie! The cruel hook oozed into his side, and there he hung, wriggling. Into the icy waters he was plunged and down into the deadly depths. He drowned. Peter brought home a magnificent trout. Timmie had served his purpose.

—JANET JAMISON, '39

THE CHATHAMITE

RENDEZ-VOUS

Through the heat that simmered from the Via Lung' Arno could be seen a tiny dot in the distance. As it came nearer it began to grow; it took on color, and soon became more than a dancing dot far down the road. The figure was that of a slender Italian girl with the usual large romantic eyes that are ever seeking and finding and seeking again. As she passed the doorway of a café, someone murmured something in her ear, but she paid no heed. She held her head erect and gazed far ahead of her.

Occasionally she stepped into the street to avoid an awning or a man who selfishly made his way along the inside of the narrow pavement. Rattling carriage-wheels did not alarm her as they flew past; she knew how to avoid them by now. One of her earliest memories was that of a small boy bicycling who had been maimed for life by the merciless wheels of a "carrozza" in the Piazza Duomo. How well she remembered warnings against swerving trolleys and racing carriages in those early days! She wondered what kind of advice her mother would have given about the "Giovani Fiorentini," were she living now. The girl had somehow learned, nevertheless, to keep her heart her own, and to avoid the amorous glances of the youths who passed her on the street. Often young men came to see her father on business at their small house, and many of them had found a chance to express their admiration for her. She enjoyed going to soccer games with them at the new "Stadio," or walking with them on the Lung' Arno on Sundays when all of Florence was on parade. Yes, she was fond of them all: Giovanni, Domenico, Paolo, and especially Nicolò Luigi. Nicolò had such a wonderful smile and liked all the things she liked. But he was off in Siena and his letters were all too scarce. He spoke of coming back to his Firenze soon, but he never said when. . . .

The girl's thoughts trailed off as she found herself gazing up the Arno from her favorite spot on the Ponte Vecchio. Every day she came to the middle of the old store-laden bridge, gazed down at the muddy water, chatted with the picture-man, and fed the pigeons. Here she felt the pulse of Florence, listened to its breathing, gazed at the beauty of its soul through enraptured eyes. Even the common sights had a meaning for her. The dirty little boys she saw swimming in the river, screaming and laughing, arms flying, would soon march in uniform in the streets of Florence. She could almost hear their song:

"Giovinezza! Giovinezza!
Primavera e bellezza!
E il Fascismo, e Mussolini,
E la nostra libertà!"

Farther along she saw an old man digging up sand from the river-bed with his long scoop-pole. His little boatload of sand would be used to help stem the rising waters in late May. She gazed for a long time at the houses which seemed to grow out of the water on either side of the river. How dirty some of them were, but how beautiful! Some day, perhaps, they would fall at the mercy of the rolling Arno, crumble to dust, and go down with the tide. Such a thought seemed fantastic; she was sure those old dwellings would stand forever.

Gazing down at her feet, she laughed to see the waddling pigeons clamoring at her. There were pigeons with shining backs, pigeons with round black eyes, inquisitive pigeons, and pigeons strutting about in majestic but endless circles. She showered feed upon their backs and watched them dive for it with flurrying, beating wings. Bending down among them, she talked soothingly to one that dared settle on her shoulder, picking up first one claw and then the other, blinking parrot-like. He pecked greedily at her fingers, brushed

THE CHATHAMITE

her cheek. It was at this moment that a tall, blond man came upon her, laughing amidst the shimmering birds.

He caught her gaze and she laughed, embarrassed under his frank stare. She arose, shaking out the folds of her dress, thinking that the young foreigner would leave. But he was still there when she looked up, and was coming in her direction. He, too, began to feed the pigeons, commenting amiably in Italian on their greediness, asking her if they ever ate their fill.

There was something about the joyous atmosphere, the intimacy of the simple goings-on around them, that made the conversation between these two easy and flowing. Soon the pigeons were forgotten and the two stood leaning against the wall of the bridge gazing up the river. The little boys had gone; only the old boatman remained. The foreigner was inquisitive: "Perchè si deve fare così?" he inquired.

A stranger in Florence, the young man wished to know all he could about the city of which he had already grown fond. Its winding streets fascinated him; he marvelled at the old and very proper old ladies who faced him at every turn; foreigners like himself, but foreigners at the end of their tether, eking out the last of life instead of welcoming the beginning of it. He was happy to find this girl who was totally at ease, who did not seem to mind his sudden intrusion upon her, and who chatted with him as though they had always been old friends. He felt himself inexplicably drawn towards her. Which was it, her frankness or her mystery that intrigued him so? He did not know. . . .

. . . Now they were walking up a cypress path to the Piazza Michelangiolo. Evening was descending, and as they looked below them, they saw the city glowing in the brilliance of the scarlet sunset. Far in the distance the mountains, pressing against the sky, melted into a blue haze. As though shrouded in the mystic dreams of the city, the man and the girl gazed at each other for a long, long time, reading thoughts unspoken, soaring high into the intensity of the dying sun. She felt darkening clouds surround her, and felt herself growing dizzy. Somehow she knew this was the most beautiful moment she had ever spent. The peak of her life was *now*; in this one second she felt free and *alive*! She turned to him with tears in her eyes, and it was then that he kissed her.

.
A strange wind arose, murmuring softly, then grew wilder and swept by with a rushing sound like the sea. The sky was cold and black. Through a long tunnel she seemed to hear an insistent voice ringing in her ears. What was it saying "Don't stay with this man; do you know his country? Is his heart like your heart? Fly! You will be lost if you go with him! To separate your life from that of Florence would kill your soul—fly!" Suddenly she broke from him and ran. She was sobbing, and her cries could be heard in the stillness of night, growing fainter and fainter. The sound of her running feet receded, the rushing wind ceased and a dampness filled the air. Boughs began to whisper and nod. The man found himself alone.

—GERTRUDE POTTER, '37

THE CHATHAMITE

THE KING'S JEWEL

The king's star-sapphire was the most beautiful that had ever been seen. It was six inches around and had a star as bright as the moon. The king, however, didn't like it, and said it was not precious enough. He preferred diamonds, and gave the sapphire to his little daughter to play with. Her nurse stole it, gave notice, and went out into the world. Nobody missed either of them.

The little boy worked in the mines down under the ground. He loved to wear a miner's cap with a big candle in front, and to chop with his pickaxe at the treasure-laden rock around him. One day he found a big lump of something shiny. This was not unusual, but it was very large, and he thought his mother might like it.

A big miner saw it too, and said, "Oh, look. This is a star-sapphire. It will be beautiful for the King. I will make him a present of it because he was so wise, and raised our taxes, so he could give a ball for his fourth cousin whom he never saw before. It will make him realize what good people we are." The little boy cried, and asked if he might not take it home, but the big miner told him severely that the King was really a much grander person than the boy's mother, although, he said, she was very pretty. The boy saw the big miner's point, and together they set to work. They cleaned it until it was as clean as the morning; cut it, till it was like a bit of captured night-sky; polished it till the star-fire glowed like passion. Then, the little boy and the big miner dressed in their Sunday-best and went to the King's palace. At the gate a soldier stopped them. They gave the sapphire to him. He gave it to his captain, his captain gave it to the chancellor-of-the-exchequer, the chancellor gave it to a *much* higher noble, the steward of the King's wine, and the venerable steward gave it to the King. The royal gentleman looked at it.

"Pretty," he said. "Give them each two pieces of gold." Everybody applauded because they knew he was such a generous king.

ELISA MITCHELL, '37

DARK MIRROR

Dark glass,
That glows so dreamily
With her reflection,
What sweet things you've held
Within your mystery;
Dark mirror,
That shimmers in the candlelight,
Reflect, for me forget.

—FRANCES MUNSON, '37

PUSSY WANTS A CORNER

"But, of course," said the Tiger's mate scornfully, "your father lost his temper and the deer got away." With an air of having seen her duty and done it well, she settled back to do her nails.

"Your mother is obviously uninformed as to the facts of the case," her lord put in with much forced laughter. "A slight accident, no doubt an unavoidable one—"

"Humph!" sniffed the first, markedly ignoring the tiger's glare. The cub yawned fretfully, whining, "If you're going to fight, do it some other time. I didn't get any dinner tonight. I'm not complaining, but I shall be annoyed, if I don't get any sleep, either."

"My brave child! It's just as I was telling you," triumphed his mother. "We none of us got anything to eat, and it's all your father's fault." Turning a sweet, sad smile on her victim, she continued, "I'm very hungry and my baby is starving, but don't give us a second thought; we'll soon be dead and out of *your* way. Poor little Tiger Cub, don't cry. In a little while it will all be over, and your poor little stomach won't need food."

"Aw, shut up," said poor little Tiger Cub. "It's not as bad as that."

"You're just like your shiftless father, I see. Well, go your way in peace. Goodness knows I never grudged anybody anything, not even at the cost of my life." A deep sigh filled the cave with self-pity.

"Aw, shut up," said Shiftless Father. "Twenty-four hours without food won't hurt you. In fact, semi-starvation would probably do one of your weight good. You'd be a lot quicker on your feet on the next hunt, and you'd be careful not to make so much noise that every antelope within a hundred miles could hear you coming." The Tiger's Mate was not too slow on her feet to have her teeth in the Tiger's neck before he could take preventive measures. The Tiger's Cub groaned something about our happy home, our peaceful little sanctuary, our quiet altar of sacred rest, ha, ha, and left the cave to find himself a place to sleep.

"You dirty name!" cried the Tiger, batting helplessly at his Mate. "You back biter! Just wait till I get hold of you!" The female howled as he carried out the implied threat on a luckless paw. With a tremendous effort, she heaved herself over on her back and set to work on his tender stomach with the claws of her three uninjured feet. Locked together, they rolled about, littering the cave with fur and blood. Finally, the Tiger cornered her and made as if to bite her throat.

"I didn't mean a word I said!" She spoke quickly, in deadly fear. "Don't kill me! I was just teasing; I really didn't mean it."

"Well—. It's all right this time; but see to it that it doesn't occur again."

They lay down side by side to sleep, purring like harmless kittens. "Too, too sweet," murmured the cub on returning. He curled himself around his favorite bone in the back of the cave and soon was purring as loudly as they, only his was the gentle, treble purr that grown tigers haven't.

—MARY BUCHANAN CAROTHERS, '39

THE CHATHAMITE

WIND AND FIRELIGHT

December sunshine, gallantly attempting to achieve warmth, curled into hidden hollows of the dunes where the wind could not come; but snow swirled down and brought with it the swift winter dusk, that smothered even the beating of hungry waves on Nantucket's shore. From a house above the beach a candle peered and flirted timidly with the first bold star, then, encouraged by the mischievous firelight, winked gaily back again.

Suddenly the lights stopped dancing and seemed to wait expectantly for the tall man who came climbing up the steep hill from the beach. He was young, and his walk savored of the sea, but his bearing was somehow intangibly Irish.

Every now and then he turned to look behind him to where men were unloading two small boats by firelight and carrying the barrels out of sight behind a bluff. He reached the house, and knocking on the door, found himself looking directly into the eyes of a young girl. She was lovely and startled, framed in the firelight behind her—her broad skirts filling the doorway. Pewter in racks by the fireplace winked and blinked sleepily at the snow-flakes drifting in.

Regaining his air of command, he growled as gruffly as he could, "Your Father, Mistress, I would speak with him."

Indignant at his manner she replied, "He'll not be back till late. You let the cold in, sir. Good-night."

But he stepped inside, and laughing, in his natural voice said, "I'm sorry, but I suppose you've seen the boats below?"

"Yes, and what might the meaning be? No good I'll warrant, landing here and at night."

"Hast heard of smugglers, lass?" And he grinned at her frightened glance which seemed to be looking for skulls and cutlasses.

"Let me past," she demanded. "I—I wish to go out."

"Yes? And whither so fast? 'Tis a bitter night for walking."

"I'll get the men from town; they'll soon settle your pirates."

"You are in over-much haste, Mistress. It's a long way across the dunes and late for a lass to be wandering. Besides you'd put your worthy town's-folk in something of a quandary. True, they may not openly countenance smuggling, but even a Nantucket man must eat. Your precious Tory friends are out patrolling, and little they care if Nantucket starves, be it Whig or Tory."

She lifted her chin and tried to brush past him disdainfully, but found her path obstructed by a solid door and a determined smuggler. "Faith, I cannot let you out to freeze. I must needs be keeping you company till the boats are empty and the anchor weighed. Don't fret so, lass; it's only an hour or two, and they do say I'm passing good company."

Reaching past him suddenly, she turned the key and threw it over her shoulder into the fire. "Now, my fine Irish rebel, you'll have to stay, like it or no. Father will be back soon, and he can get the King's soldiers from town. You'll be caught like a rat in a trap." She gave him a haughty curl of her lip and returned to the loom beside the fire.

"'Twill no do, lassie; you've not the face for a sneer." She tried again, and failing, began to look as though the room were empty. He sat down by the fire and, shielding his eyes from the flame, began to talk. "Your father's a Tory? More's the pity, serving a German humbug with a dirty little soul, who rules on his tin throne and cares more for snuff than men."

"Father's a patriot, if that's what you mean. And you, a sneaking rebel, dare to talk; you rise against your rightful King so that you can be hanged and called a hero."

THE CHATHAMITE

"You're wrong; it's not ourselves we're fighting for; it's the nation our children and their children are going to build with none of England's filthy politics and hired men—a land where a man may be free to live and think and pray as he likes in untainted air, to work for the joy and the bare, hard need of it, not for the riching of some fat lord with his bleared pig eyes and fresh curled wig—a land where a man will not need to look at his friends and think to himself slyly, 'What can I get from them?' Aye, we'll win this war, and then there'll be no more of war and blood and hunger. We're free men in a free land, and your Red Coats, what if they have more guns, they're no more than hired mercenaries, and their hearts are running water; they can never stand against us, and then, ah then, we'll be free. But there, I'm sorry; it's my favorite speech, and I must be forever repeating it. For a moment I had forgot ye think us vile traitors."

He fell silent, brooding over the fire. Outside, snow fingers tapped against the window pane, and the wind pried with cold, questing hands beneath the doorsill and moaned softly in disappointment. But all the while her loom worked steadily, disdainful of the merry firelight that moved restlessly about the room begging each thing it touched to come and play. An antique clock upon the mantel chimed a placid benediction with soft, ringing tones that seemed incongruous in the Quaker atmosphere. In the fire new empires rose and fell at the flames' command, new lands were conquered, and new generations born to take possession of them.

Suddenly, quieting the silent clamor of the stillness, there was a knocking at the door and a low call. The tide had turned, and the ship lay ready at anchor. He turned toward her a little wistfully and asked, "Have I got your leave to go?"

"Yes, of course; I should have understood that you were bringing us provisions; I would not have kept you. But I had forgotten. How can you go, for the key is melted and my father has the other?"

"Your pardon, Mistress, but there is a key beside the door."

"If you knew before that it was there, why did you not go when I thought I had you captured? If the King's men had found you here, they might have hanged you."

He opened the door without answering, and then turning towards her again said, "I pray you, lady, if you forgive my rudeness, show three candles in your seaward window when my ship sails out. Who knows, perhaps we meet again when England or America has won this cursed war for freedom." He shut the door behind him, and the room grew empty as his footsteps died away.

The clock dozed fitfully, awaking with a jerk at every quarter-hour. Later when her father returned, stamping and shaking the snow from his cloak, she was standing in front of the window where three new candles burned brightly.

"What are you wasting the tallow for?" he demanded. "Food itself is hard enough to get; yet you needs must burn the candles for no good purpose." But she scarcely heard him; out beyond the headland, clear against the fleeing clouds, three lanterns shone from the masthead of an out-bound ship.

—ANN DONALDSON, '39

THE CHATHAMITE

HOBSON'S AENEID

"Arma virumque cano," wrote Vergil,
Of arms and the man I sing,
And then he continued his lofty tale
He never left out a thing.
"Virum feminamque cano," write I,
Of a man and a woman I sing,
I'll begin with the fourth book of Vergil,
And the praises of Dido shall ring.

A word of Introduction:
Aeneas, for Troy was now fallen,
Is seeking his future home.
On the way he stops in at Carthage,
Guided by Venus's son.
Dido, a Tyrian siren,
A beautiful woman, they say,
Whose wicked brother Pygmalion
Has stolen her city away,
Is founding an African Urbam
Upon dark Ethiopia's shore.
When she meets with our hero Aeneas,
She's sure that there's trouble in store.
At a dinner she gives for the Pius,
He tells her his troubles and woe,
And Dido is struck with his virtue.
Action! Lights! Camera! Let's Go!
His story all done, the fair Dido
Gave him for his pains many sighs.
Who wouldn't fall for a man like that,
Those cheeks, those lips, and those eyes.
"Oh, Anna, my dear sister, Anna,"
The poor harassed maiden cried,
"Why swore I an oath on the ashes
Of Sychaeus, when he died?"
"There are reasons," urged Anna, "to marry,
And the first you mustn't forget:
You hate that chocolate Iarbas,
He doesn't belong to our set.
If you marry this Trojan Aeneas,
A great kingdom will Carthage soon be.
Go make an offering to Juno,
Appease her on bended knee."
Now Juno, omnipotens goddess,
Seeing Dido thus turned by a man,
Since she's still a bit hostile to Pius,
Tries to ruin cute Venus's plan.
She says, "Why not marry the lovers?
And we two shall then rule like one,

THE CHATHAMITE

Carthage will shine with our glory
And with industry fine will it hum."
Aeneas and Dido out hunting,
With a band of companions so gay,
Will from them by storm be parted.
Just the two of them, what will they say?
"When seeking a cave for dry shelter
Ab me the two will be met
And married before they know it."
Yes, everything's ready. All set?
Just as the goddess predicted,
A hunting, the court they did go.
When the storm came they ran seeking cover,
Dido with Aeneas in tow.
The elements furnished the torches,
The nymphs, the bridal song,
Juno, she was the preacher,
In the flash of an eye they were one.
All went very well until Fama,
The bird with as many eyes
As wings there are stuck to her body,
To Carthage turned her wild cries.
"Is this a fit match for a queen, Boys!"
She shrieks into hovering ears,
The news is relayed through all Africa,
Black Iarbas receives it with jeers;
Then anger offsets his mere mocking,
He prays hard to Jupe, the Ammon,
"Just why allow you this scandal?
Now, Jove, get a wiggle on.
Throw over this lax situation;
After all, my dear man, I'm your pal,
You promised to me this fair Dido,
Your word keep, Almighty et al . . ."
"I'll fix it," said Jove to the Black One.
"Mercury, my lad, come here,
Go rouse this sluggish Trojan,
Tell him the time draws near,
When the shores of Carthage forsaking,
He must leave despite any ties.
It's the will of the gods, explain it,
He's to do it without any sighs."
All would have gone well but our Fama
Informed Dido concerning his plan,
The poor fellow's now in hot water,
And the fire's still under the pan.
She frantic pursued him reproachfully
With words fit to wring his heart.
Was Dido the only foolish one
Struck by this Cupid's dart?
"My dear woman," he said, "I've three reasons
For seeking fair Italy's shore.

THE CHATHAMITE

First: I sought not you in marriage,
'Twas you the idea that bore.
Then: Troy is my only and first love,
Her future and mine must be one.
Dear lady, you have your Carthage,
Why can't I have my fun?
Lastly the god of the fleet-foot,
Mercury, Maia's son,
Appeared in my dreams just lately.
"The gods," he said, "want you to run."
Dido's anger and scorn were terrific,
She let forth a volley of oaths,
Then faints with the strength of her efforts,
And Aeneas departs for the boats.
The Trojans launch joyfully their vessels,
They've no love for this passionate queen,
They've a job, they've a hope, and a purpose
Whose result still remains to be seen.
Dido looks forth from her terrace,
Sees the Vandals, like ants, to their ships
Bear their provisions and plentiful booty,
And with anger the ceiling she hits.
"Anna, come here, right this minute!
Go plead with that impious man,
You alone know his mind and his fancy,
Go and turn him, kind soul, if you can."
All in vain, like an oak stands our hero,
Which, though 'tacked by the winds from all sides,
Impervious, firm and immovable
Resists both her reasons and cries.
Then truly, unhappy Dido
To despair by strange omens is driven;
She can't sleep, for she dreams of Aeneas
And she hates him like Satan hates Heaven.
"I've a method," she said to dear Anna,
"If it does not return him to me,
Will rid me of loving this rascal,
Whatever his charms they may be.
We will build a pyre for a funeral,
His relics, the couch he now spurns,
His image, his sword, and his clothing
In one huge conflagration we'll burn."
Thus she spake, then the action started,
A priestess with streaming hair,
Incanting and strangely singing,
Cried, "Oh, gods, you must witness bear."
And Dido with foot freed from sandal,
And body from hampering robe,
Scattered the meal on the altar,
And prayed to the goddess of love.
The night was so calm and so still,
Her heart was a whirlwind of fear,

THE CHATHAMITE

All the world but the queen lay in slumber,
But she remained eaten with ire.
At the same time, as Aeneas was resting,
Mercury once more appeared,
Urged him on to the start of the future,
Said the woman was much to be feared.
Therefore, at once rose our hero;
He woke his companions and said,
"Rise, men, we now are departing;
We must, or else we'll be dead."
When the queen viewed the sailing vessels,
She tore out her hair and she cried,
"He's as faithless to me, Queen of Carthage,
As I to Sychaeus, who died."
Now her mind is made up, and therefore,
To the gods of her fathers she prays
That their wrath may rest on the Trojans
From then to the last of all days.
In secret she makes preparations,
Then rushes wildly within to her fate,
Climbs the steps of the pyre, sedately,
Crushed by her love and her hate.
"The years that the gods have appointed
I've lived them for love, and in vain,
I've revenged my wicked brother,
I've founded a city of fame,
Yet fate and the gods have conspiréd,
I've lost where I fain would have won.
Let me die unavenged, in deep sorrow.
Goodbye, Earth, People, and Sun."
With one final look around about her,
Dido dropped, sword in heart, so they tell;
The shrieking rose up to the heavens,
And her kingdom crumbled—then fell.

.
Yes! she died for her love, was it futile?
Is a man ever worth all the strife?
Sometimes I'm inclined to think, "Surely,"
And at others, "Not on your life!"

—KATHARINE HOBSON, '37

THE CHATHAMITE

THE CALENDAR

FALL TERM—1936

- Sept. 21, Mon. A few girls arrive rather dazedly. All gape quite in unison upon viewing the Lee's new house and the latest "modern conveniences."
- Sept. 22, Tues. Six or seven new girls arrive during the day. The reception committee is to say the least non-plussed at this, but finally rise to the occasion sufficiently to be quite efficient upon the arrival of a whole train-load of the "much-more-cheerful-than-we-were-when-we-first-came" new girls. (Excuse the adjectives; to be taken in small doses.)
- Sept. 23, Wed. The reception committee gives a last bow as it makes its speeches at the New Girls' Banquet, after a day of—"No, you know your room in Dabney—or do you?" The old girls arrive at night amid violent enthusiasm.
- Sept. 25, Fri. School starts. *We wcn't* say "nuff said." (Just understood!)
- Sept. 26, Sat. The old 'uns thoroughly confuse the new in a dithyrambic treasure hunt. Appetites rise to an unheard-of "high" but such savage instincts are soon calmed by picnic fare, in time for Kitty King in her "inimitable style," the remnants of last year's Glee Club "rendering" *The Mikado*, and the waiters.
- Sept. 27, Sun. The Service League in all its complexities is explained. We prove astoundingly generous with our pledges.
- Sept. 30, Wed. The ole devil intelligence tests. We all come out speaking "artificial language." Cugomfi Kub pali!
- Oct. 2, Fri. Susie begins her year by getting kicked. We knew that she couldn't stay long away from the Danville Hospital!
- Oct. 3, Sat. The new girls provide a really superior entertainment of selected shorts. (Don't groan—we didn't mean it that way!) Evie's legs and the yodel à la Wyeth so charm the *ancien regime* that the horrors of bed-making are ceased.
- Oct. 4, Sun. Picnic of the Northfieldites. Frances Munson was elected President.
- Oct. 10, Sat. *Don Quixote*, our first movie this year. We might enjoy it more if we could understand the dialogue.
- Oct. 11, Sun. First meeting of the discussion groups. We all begin to wonder "what do we want to get out of school this year?"
- Oct. 12, Mon. The teams are chosen amid such cheers that several sore throats report at the infirmary.
- Oct. 13, Tues. Doctor Lee has his tonsils out.
- Oct. 14, Sat. "Bunny," "Gina," Helen Marshall and Miss Montague swoop down on us. We don't know whether this is alumnae day or not. Mrs. Roper, president of the diocesan Altar Guild, does her best in chapel. Mr. Peake speaks on Current Events: we are interested, but definitely depressed.
- Oct. 18, Sun. We all go to the Presbyterian Church and find ourselves sneaking in an inadvertent "Amen" occasionally. Doctor Montague speaks to us on Crime Prevention, and we all recite a certain limerick very vociferously. Opinion is yet rife as to which side of the room said it the loudest.
- Oct. 19, Mon. Senior pictures. Look at the birdie!

THE CHATHAMITE

- Oct. 21, Wed. The Funny Swimming Meet, and the Golds must admit that the Purples sho' know their water wings. (Score—Purples 35, Golds 20.)
- Oct. 23, Fri. Trustees' Meeting. (Wonderful food!)
- Oct. 24-26, Sat., Sun., Mon. The American History Trip. We who can't go are good and jealous.
- Oct. 24, Sat. McCready, Speer, and Williams get too tragic for words in "Op 'o Me Thumb" after Liggett, O'Brian, and Donaldson have gotten us into stitches (smocking or fine embroidery, at least) over "The Boor"—all this in assembly.
- Oct. 25, Sun. Doctor Lasell tells about the island of Hanan, where he founded a medical center. We go to bed thinking, "The scorpions'll get you if you don't watch out."
- Oct. 27, Tues. We take a straw vote in Assembly. Results: Norman Thomas 10, Franklin Roosevelt 37, Alfred Landon 109.
- Oct. 31, Sat. The Gold penance for losing the Funny Swimming Meet—the Hallowe'en Party. After getting us all thoroughly upset—mentally and physically—they treat us more kindly with a "sound effect," *Tell-Tale Heart*—and with the final revelation of the identity of the much-discussed "B.B.'s." And then—do we eat? Cider, doughnuts, and ice cream sandwiches are the answer. Julia Foraker gets the prize for the best costume. (We forgot to say that you had to come as your favorite mood—does Julia *like* to over-study?)
- Nov. 1-2, Sun., Mon. The Scenic Trip.
- Nov. 2, Mon. The Senior Pictures come back. Tears are the order of the day—"Now you *know* that doesn't look like me!"
- Nov. 4, Wed. We hear the results of the election, and in spite of Dr. Lee's cheerful assurance that the world is still going round, the majority of us are pretty depressed. (See October 27.)
- Nov. 6, Fri. The finals of the fall Tennis Tournament. Tuttle vanquishes Carey, but the battle was not an easy one.
- Nov. 7, Sat. Miss Miller's Recital. We are all fascinated with the *Ballymere Ballad*, especially the "whiskey" line.
- Nov. 8, Sun. In Service League, Mr. Thomas C. Walker, a negro lawyer, talks to us on educating the negro. We are rather baffled.
- Nov. 11, Wed. Armistice Day Service in Chapel—"Lest We Forget."
- Nov. 12, Thurs. The Science and Music classes enjoy movies of "Sound," in the Biology Lab.
- Nov. 13, Fri. Movies of "Plant Life." We all weep at the spectacle of the death of a bean seed, fallen in a spot where it can't grow. Touching spectacle of sentiment!
- Nov. 14, Sat. Movies—*A Study in Scarlet*, perfectly terrifying. Several lovely cases of hysterics precipitated by the sudden appearance of a rather grim corpse. But these soon recover at the advent of the Dance Club's first recital. Kitty King, as the Sultan, is a great success, although Bundy and Zabriskie, in their Dutch dance, create much amusement.
- Nov. 21, Sat. The long awaited Glee Club concert. We are much intrigued by the antics of several wasps, as they buzz up and down past the line of open mouths. But in spite of such threats, our songsters are spared, and give us a very enjoyable evening.

THE CHATHAMITE

- Nov. 22, Sun. Bishop Cook of Delaware speaks to us in Church and at Vespers.
- Nov. 23, Mon. School Day.
- Nov. 24, Tues. Bundy in morning assembly makes impressive statements as to our plans for Thanksgiving. "If it should rain, we'll play faculty games, like 'Old Maid'." And she still lives to tell the tale, and blush for embarrassment!
- Nov. 26, Thurs. Thanksgiving Day! After a short chapel service, we all go on a picnic at Hargrave Springs, where we find a Candy Corn Hunt laid out for us. The waiters, after serving us gallons of Brunswick Stew, sing several tuneful numbers for us, and then our very young darky friends perform for us a little song and dance act. It is getting a bit chilly, so we all pile back into the bus, and go to see *Sing, Baby, Sing*, which is quite thoroughly appreciated. After dinner which is quite in the Traditional Mrs. Felts Style, we are entertained by a very suave magician, Mr. J. Elder Blackledge. All in all, the day is quite a success. We retire, full of food, and thoroughly baffled by Mr. Blackledge.
- Nov. 28, Sat. The Dramatic Club presents *Green Stockings*. Evie Mills in a uniform proves to be just *too* much for our audience, but we feel that Betty Zabriskie, as Celia, is quite worthy of her.
- Dec. 4, Fri. We elect Anne Bundy and Betty Zabriskie to the Student Council. Two more budding Sherlock Holmeses in our midst!
- Dec. 5, Sat. We are all thoroughly enchanted by Mr. Earle Spicer and his ballads, especially that little tongue-twister about *Tomorrow* (or it is *Tomorrow*?)
- Dec. 6, Sun. Mrs. Alexander Zabriskie speaks to us on her visit to the Episcopal missions in Brazil.
- Dec. 12, Sat. Jeano, in a last frantic attempt to rescue her little Sunday School pupils from the injurious effects of a dank floor, presents *The Dear Departed*, and we understand that the attempt was most successful. The World Outlook and Social Outlook Bazaar proves a worthy source of Christmas presents and a fine "place of disappearance" for one's allowance.
- Dec. 13, Sun. The Utica Jubilee Singers sing to us in the afternoon. In the evening we are thrilled by the Christmas pageant, with Julia Rogers as a very lovely Madonna.
- Dec. 14, Mon. School Day.
- Dec. 17, Thurs. We pack our trunks in the afternoon. Much excitement! After dinner there is a fine Christmas party for the children of the employees. We find ourselves surreptitiously aching to play "Going to Jerusalem," but our dignity is at stake, so we manage to restrain ourselves. The choir comes by at eleven o'clock and sings Christmas carols.
- Dec. 18, Fri. We scatter—"like chaff before the wind."

WINTER TERM—1937

- Jan. 4, Mon. We come back, babbling incoherent tales of marvelous vacations.
- Jan. 9, Sat. We all arrive in Willis Hall dressed to represent various advertisements. Mary Jane, poised beautifully above an imaginary stream, wins, as "White Rock." Although we had expected to see Wild West movies, they do not come, so we enjoy some of Wellesley instead.
- Jan. 10, Sun. Mrs. Imduk Pak, in Service League meeting, tells us of her very interesting life in Korea.
- Jan. 11, Mon. Movies of school, followed by ice cream!

THE CHATHAMITE

- Jan. 15, Fri. The whole school goes to bed dreaming extra-romantic dreams, after the announcement of Cally Sizer's engagement.
- Jan. 16, Sat. We are treated to a very beautiful violin recital by Miss Louise Rood, of Sweet Briar College, accompanied by Ernest Zechiel at the piano.
- Jan. 17, Sun. Mrs. Chapman speaks at vespers on "The Student International House" at Geneva, Switzerland. Her movies prove most interesting.
- Jan. 18, Mon. Flu and spinal meningitis still rage in Chatham and Danville, so we have movies at school—*The Island of Peril*.
- Jan. 23, Sat. We are oh! so impressed by Mr. Edward Thompson's recital of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. A very gracious, and charming gentleman.
- Jan. 25, Mon. The halls are silent, and "White Flags" are to be seen on almost every door. The school is really concentrating! Why?
- Jan. 26, Tues. EXAMS!! "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"
- Jan. 30, Sat. We are plunged in gloom by the announcement that we must hear *Shakespeare Readings*. But the curtains open to disclose—the faculty, à la Minstrel. Doctor Lee, singing in at least eight keys, is sensational, but Mr. Brush is not to be outdone! Miss Hensleigh and Mrs. Bray, the "Dark-Town Strutters," really "Swing It!" All in all, everything is jollity, of a "Red, Hot and Blue" consistency. (Except for that nice little song—*Did I Remember to Tell You That I Flunked You?!*) After a grand march around the Hall, our mentors retire, to remain for the rest of the year quite non-minstrelish.
- Jan. 31, Sun. The choir visits the convict camp. Now! Now! No cracks. It's quite an official visit.
- Feb. 3, Wed. Mrs. Grafton Burke tells in chapel of her work in Alaska.
- Feb. 6, Sat. The Dance! Hordes of "white ties" descend upon us for the evening, and midst an atmosphere of Valentines, hearts, lace, and "swing," we manage to have a perfectly "swelegant" time. (Even the "blind dates," proverbially agonizing, are in good feather.) At twelve, we retire, leaving our hearts behind us!
- Feb. 7, Sun. In spite of aching feet, we manage to put on brave smiles for the boys who remain. Doctor Jefferies speaks in church and evening vespers on his work in the Philadelphia City Mission.
- Feb. 8, Mon. Miss Miller comes back, to start the Glee Club on *Ruddigore* and to guide the chirpings of our songsters into the proper octaves.
- Feb. 13, Sat. Trudi Schoop and her very amusing comic ballet draw large numbers of us to Danville. The C. A. C. has a very exclusive dinner in Danville.
- Feb. 14, Sun. Movies of the *Seeing Eye* are shown at Service League meeting.
- Feb. 20, Sat. Mary Jane, Anne Deering, Mary Sprague, and several others, in *The Man in the Bowler Hat*, presented in assembly, set us all into convulsions. (Of laughter, you know.) But these are soon quelled by the violence of the Russian accent and temperament as exhibited by Bunny Mallory, Marcia Williams, and Polly Winslow, in *Where the Whirlwind Blows*. After two short tableaux staged by the C. A. C., that august body, armed with flashlights, takes Louise Herron unto itself.
- Feb. 27, Sat. In assembly *Le Malade Imaginaire* by Moliere is presented to us in "ze native français." Ann Orr, Eleanor Herrick, Julia Foraker, and Betty Zabriskie prove that, in any language, whether the audience can understand it or not, a play is grand fun.

THE CHATHAMITE

- Feb. 28, Sun. Doctor Laird speaks to us in chapel. (The first real snowfall of the year prevents us from going to church.) In the evening Signor Roberto de la Rosa, of Mexico, proves himself a grand showman, and a veritable genius at playing the *Saint Louis Blues*—on the Czar's piano! As for his tale about "De Duck," no more need be said!
- Mar. 5, Fri. We elect Betsy Rust May Queen, Julia Rogers Maid of Honor, and Gertrude Rose First Lady of the Court. *Much* excitement!
- Mar. 6, Sat. Miss Suzanne Bloch and Miss Alix Young Maruchess play for us on old-fashioned instruments, the lute, the virginals, the viola, and the viola d'amore.
- Mar. 7, Sun. Doctor Sylvia Allen, of Baltimore, gives us two very enlightening talks dealing with our adolescent problems.
- Mar. 13, Sat. The Dance Club flits across the stage in many varied moods. Kitty King as "Mary, Mary" does seem a bit impatient for the lights to go off, in snapping her illustrious digits, but still everything goes well. Following this recital a demonstration of the characteristics of liquid air is given, and we are quite enthralled, even when experiments are performed which, we are casually informed, "have killed seven or eight people."
- Mar. 14, Sun. Mr. Paul W. Garrett vividly describes for us his impressions of our American prisons, and brings us to realize that what we need to prevent crime is not prisons, but a proper mental, moral, and psychological atmosphere.
- Mar. 20, Sat. "The Siberian Singers" descend upon us, to warble many familiar and unfamiliar Russian songs. But with *Oh Chee-char-nya!* we are completely overcome, so much so that certain adventurous spirits in Dabney carry on a regular balcony scene (we only have windows, but the effect's the same) with our entertainers.
- Mar. 22, Mon. The long-awaited *Ruddigore* arrives. Dolly Berkeley, Kitty King, and Joan Wyeth provide the heart interest, while Evie Mills and Zabriskie quite completely lose their heads as the comics of the evening.
- Mar. 26, Fri. We disperse to our various and sundry dwelling-places—in short—**VACATION!**
- SPRING TERM—1937**
- Apr. 5-7, Mon., Tues., Wed. We return with lots of new clothes, a Bermuda or Florida suntan, and a new picture of "him" for the bureau-gallery.
- Apr. 10, Sat. The Shady Side School, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, sends us their Glee Club for a concert à capella. Kitty King, feeling the urge to fill a missing soloist's place, takes the concert in hand, and sings, to the rhythmic accompaniment of Stewart Steffey, some of that worthy gentleman's very good songs. The rest of the school is then given a chance to investigate into the Glee Club's private life as they dance the gentlemen into a decline to the strains of the Victrola from the Chatham Sport Shoppe (or is it Shop? I forget!)
- Apr. 17, Sat. Alumnae Day Luncheon. We all try to figure out who's who and they, what's what. The Seniors, in a rather mournful mood, are presented to the assembled Alumnae in the afternoon. In the evening we enjoy *Ruddigore* again.
- Apr. 24, Sat. Those of us who do not go to "spectate" at the Lynchburg Horse Show have a grand time at another of Bundy's choice picnics!

THE CHATHAMITE

- Apr. 25, Sun. The Reverend Alexander Zabriskie of Alexandria, Virginia, speaks to us in church.
- May 2, Sun. The Reverend Floyd Rogers of Asheville, North Carolina, talks to us.
- May 8, Sat. The long-awaited May Day dawns. We watch a superbly executed drill and an amusing gymkhana, and then go to dance before the Queen and her court. That evening, in dances of a highly different nature, we entertain many charming young gentlemen.
- May 23, Sun. Bishop Thompson confirms a great many of us in morning service.
- May 29, Sat. The Seniors have their annual dinner. Many frills and furbelows, covering a lot of sad hearts, and quaking knees for those who have to make speeches.
- June 1-5, Tues.-Sat. We go to final examinations with heavy hearts and too light brains.
- June 5, Sat. In the afternoon our equestriennes show their skill in the paddock in the Annual Horse Show. Then we troop to the long-awaited athletic banquet, to find out which team won, and to sing competitive songs. Following this, the Seniors dig out all their long-hoarded books and papers, and with fiendish glee burn them on the front driveway, while we watch the pages of the despised Woolley flutter into ashes.
- June 6, Sun. The Right Reverend Darst, Bishop of North Carolina, delivers the Baccalaureate Address in the Emmanuel Church, Chatham. In the evening, the Seniors tearfully hand over their lanterns to the Juniors in the beautiful, traditional lantern service.
- June 7, Mon. Senior Class Day. For the last time we see them in the roll of pranksters, as they read the Senior Will and Prophecy, and plant the Class Tree, after arranging the Daisy Chain in the numerals '37 on the front lawn. That night we witness the Senior Play, *The Swan*, with a fine cast, including Pat O'Brian, Pollie Winslow, Louise Dorrance, Marcia Williams, Louise Liggett, and Betty Zabriskie.
- June 8, Tues. Commencement Exercises. The speaker is Dr. Francis P. Miller. Following these, we depart for our several homes, with fond memories of a wonderful year.



ADVISORY COUNCIL



DISCUSSION GROUP LEADERS



MARSHALS



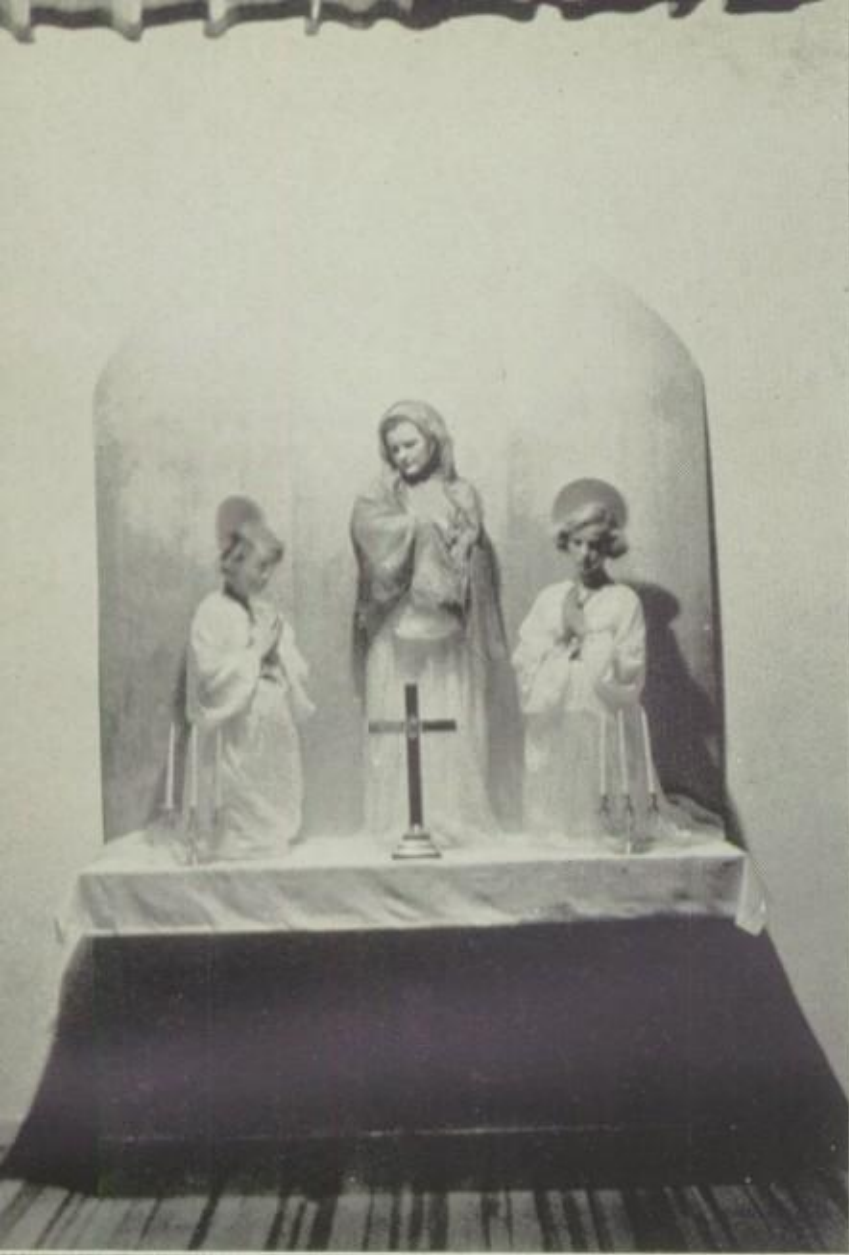
ASTRONOMY CLUB



BIRD CLUB



ART CLUB

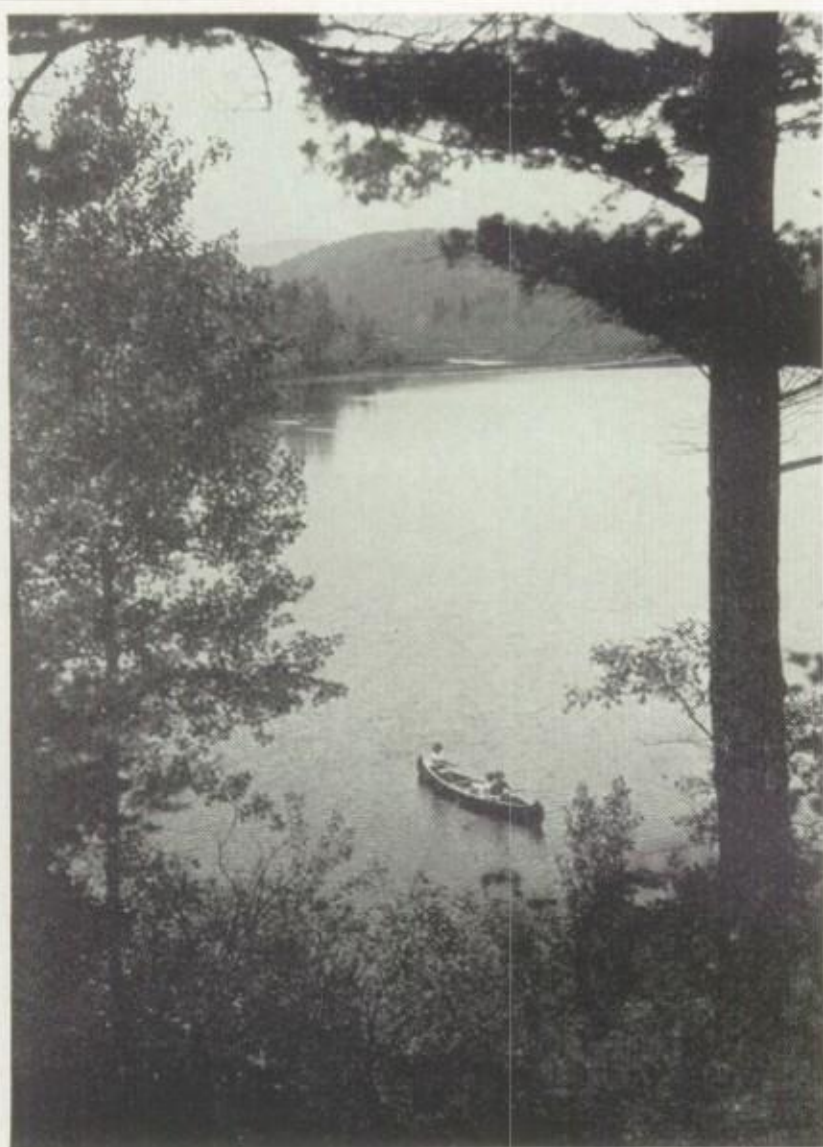








ADVERTISEMENTS



PINE LOG CAMP

in the
Adirondacks

LUZERNE, N. Y.

For Girls 8-18

ALL SPORTS
HORSEBACK RIDING

Catalog furnished on request

DOROTHY GRAY BALDWIN
Chatham Hall, Chatham, Va.

FRANCES G. KINNEAR
30 W. 52nd St., New York City

•

COMPLIMENTS OF

23 GRAMERCY PARK

NEW YORK CITY

•



12 EAST 38th STREET

NEW YORK CITY



SCHOOL AND
COLLEGE
OUTFITTERS



Everything for the
HORSEWOMAN *the*
HORSEMAN *and the*
HORSE

Established 1875
KAUFFMAN
141 East 24th St N.Y.

**Quality
Wise**



Serve...
EDELWEISS

JOHN SEXTON & CO.
MANUFACTURING WHOLESALE GROCERS
CHICAGO BROOKLYN

Compliments of

R. E. LAWRENCE

•
REPRESENTING

**R. C. WILLIAMS
AND COMPANY, Inc.**

NEW YORK

DeFOREST HULBURD
HULBURD JOHNSON
A. W. WITHROW
F. J. YOUNG
S. J. SMITH
G. M. BENSON

Members { New York Stock Exchange
New York Curb, Asso. Memb.
New York Prod. Exchange
Chicago Stock Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
Winnipeg Grain Exchange

•

Hulburd, Warren & Chandler

STOCKS – BONDS – GRAIN

COTTON

•

208 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET

Suite 996

•

Telephone State 9760

CHICAGO

Compliments of the

**DeLUXE SADDLERY
COMPANY**

•

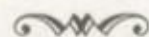
Importers of
FINE ENGLISH SADDLERY
Correct Riding Apparel

•

336 N. Charles Street

Baltimore

Maryland



COMPLIMENTS

OF

T. E. AND M.



SALES AND SERVICE

STORAGE
WASHING
GREASING

•

**BENNETT MOTOR
COMPANY**

Chatham

Virginia

Call 49

CHATHAM CLEANERS

CHATHAM

VIRGINIA

•

We Guarantee Our Service

TELEPHONE NUMBER 3
for Drug Store and
Postal Telegraph Service

•
**CHATHAM
PHARMACY**

J. M. JONES, Manager

•
Chatham

Virginia

**DENTON'S
FOOD STORE**

•
FRESH FRUITS

VEGETABLES

and

GROCERIES

**ELECTRIC SHOE
SHOP**

TELEPHONE 180

•
SATISFACTION

•
E. M. POOLE, Manager

Chatham

Virginia

**CHATHAM MOTOR
CO., Inc.**

SALES



SERVICE

•
TIRES, TUBES AND
ACCESSORIES

•
We Use Genuine Ford Parts

HARRIS SERVICE

TELEPHONE 72

•

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES FRIGIDAIRE REFRIGERATORS
AND SUPPLIES RADIOS

SALES AND SERVICE

•

CHATHAM, VIRGINIA

HOTEL CHATHAM

CHATHAM, VIRGINIA

•

THE SEMINOLE TRAIL U. S. 29

MAIN LINE SOUTHERN R. R.

•

Rooms with Private and Connecting Bath

•

EXCELLENT FOOD

SODAS

TOBACCO

PHONE 74

CHATHAM SPORT SHOPPE

GEORGE W. JONES, Manager

ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

CHATHAM
VIRGINIA

SANDWICHES

CONFECTIONARIES

LEGGETT'S

DEPARTMENT STORE

Incorporated

"THE HOME OF
BETTER VALUES"

CHATHAM

VIRGINIA

J. I. OVERBEY & SONS

Wholesale and
Retail

HARDWARE

Chatham

Virginia

**We Have a Valuable
Reputation to Uphold . . .**

and that's just another
reason why we cannot
afford to give you less
than the most for your
money

PENDER

MODERN FOOD STORES

**RITZ
THEATRE**

•

CHATHAM
VIRGINIA



WELCOME AWAITS YOU

•

May We Share in Your
Purchases for
TOILET ARTICLES

•

**THOMPSON DRUG
COMPANY**

Chatham

Virginia

WHITE'S STORE

Dealer in

STOVES AND RANGES
GALVANIZED ROOFING

•

Guttering, Tin Roofing
of All Grades

•

Hardware, Tinware
Tobacco Flues

Chatham

Virginia

WHITEHEAD CO., Inc.

IMPLEMENTS
HARDWARE

•

Chatham

Virginia



PHONE 12

WHITEHEAD BROTHERS

FEED, SALE AND EXCHANGE STABLES

•

DEALERS IN

COAL, WOOD, BRICK AND SAND

•

CHATHAM

VIRGINIA

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE

•

SODAS, COSMETICS, DRUGS

PHONE 17

•

WHITEHEAD'S PHARMACY

CHATHAM

VIRGINIA

DIAMONDS—PEARLS—SILVERWARE

•

BROWN JEWELRY COMPANY

MANUFACTURING AND
DISPENSING OPTICIANS

•

MAIN STREET

DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

BELK-LEGGETT CO.

•

DANVILLE'S LARGEST
DEPARTMENT STORE

•

Good Place to Shop

in

DANVILLE

VIRGINIA

COMPLIMENTS

DANVILLE
ENTERPRISE, Inc.

•

Operating

**CAPITOL
RIALTO
BROADWAY**

WHEN IT'S FLOWERS
CALL CHARLIE OR JULIA AT

•
GILES FLOWER SHOP

631 MAIN STREET

DANVILLE*

VIRGINIA

The
**DANVILLE LUMBER
& MFG. CO.**

•
Manufacturers of
LUMBER AND
BUILDING MATERIAL
•

Danville

Virginia

Exclusive Styles in
SPORTSWEAR
Lingerie, Hosiery and
Accessories at Moderate
Prices

•
GURDINE - GENEVA

"THE SHOP OF
LOVELY THINGS"

548 Main Street

Danville, Va.



TO THE GRADUATES WE EXTEND OUR
BEST WISHES FOR A HAPPY VOYAGE
ON THE SHIP OF LIFE



May you find life "smooth sailing"
With skies ever clear,
Good luck to you always
Throughout your career!



L.HERMAN
Danville's Best Store



GOING TO DANVILLE, VA.?

WELCOME TO

HOTEL DANVILLE

MODERN FIREPROOF

•

- Every Room with Bath Tub or Shower
- Rates from \$2.00 single
- Good Food
- Garage Opposite

W. G. Malone, Manager

PHILIP GREENBERG

Incorporated

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MEATS

Abattoir: Union Street Extension

Phone 408-409

•

Office and Storage Plant
Pine Street at Five Forks

DANVILLE

VIRGINIA

WELCOME TO
**PATTERSON
DRUG COMPANY**

Masonic Temple

Danville, Va.

•

Chatham Hall Headquarters
When in Danville

•

Dependable Drug Store Service



FOR THE LAND'S SAKE
SOW SMITH'S SEEDS

•

SMITH SEED & FEED CO.

Incorporated

DANVILLE

VIRGINIA



COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND



TATE & THOMAS CO.

Incorporated

Danville, Va.

•

WHOLESALE
GROCERS

•

Distributors of Del Monte
Fruits and Pocahontas
Vegetables

PHONES 1476-1477

**J. T. TOWNES
PRINTING COMPANY**

Established 1897

PRINTERS—RULERS
BOOKBINDERS
Office Supplies
and Equipment

114 and 116 South Union Street
Opposite Masonic Temple

DANVILLE VIRGINIA

FOR CONTINUED HEALTH

EAT

**220 and Honey Krushed
BREAD**

Lynchburg Steam Bakery
Incorporated

LYNCHBURG, VA.

MILLNER'S
THE SHOPPING CENTRE

LYNCHBURG, VA.

WHERE

FASHIONABLE

COLLEGIANS

LOVE TO

SHOP





COMPLIMENTS

OF

THE STRAUS CO., Inc.

RICHMOND

VIRGINIA



**BELLWOOD
FOOD PRODUCTS**

•

FOR INSTITUTIONS

•

Distributed by

W. H. Williams & Co.

Incorporated

Richmond, Va.

CALDWELL-SITES CO.

BOOK SELLERS
STATIONERS
and General Office
Outfitters

•

College Supplies a Specialty

•

SPORTING GOODS
FOR EVERY SPORT

Roanoke

Virginia

•

PATRONIZE

OUR

ADVERTISERS

•

Creating

YEAR BOOKS

of Distinction

It takes more than "good printing" to create outstanding Year Books.

The J. P. Bell Company specializes in Year Books. First, by maintaining a Department of trained and experienced personnel that devotes its entire time to the planning and servicing of Year Books. Secondly, by maintaining a plant equipped with the most modern machinery, manned by skilled, efficient workmen.

There is a certain mark of Distinction on all J. P. Bell publications.



FOUNDED 1859

J. P. BELL COMPANY, Inc.

816 MAIN STREET

LYNCHBURG

///

VIRGINIA

HONORS RECEIVED IN JUNE

(The Board of the *Chathamite* suggests that the following blanks be filled in so that the record you will have of the year 1936-37 be complete.)

MEDALS

Rector's Medal

Sherwood Dramatic Medal.....

Junior and Senior Scholarship Medals.....

LITERARY AWARDS

Senior Essay Medal.....

Best Stories in the *Chathamites*.....

SECOND SEMESTER HONOR ROLL

.....

.....

.....

.....

RIBBONS TO WINNERS IN THE HORSE SHOW

.....

.....

.....

.....

ATHLETIC HONORS

Teams

Basketball Varsity

.....

.....

.....

Baseball Varsity

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Cups Presented to Winners of

Tennis Singles

Tennis Doubles.....

Golf

Badminton.....

Archery.....

Swimming

Cups Presented to

Captain of Winning Soccer Team.....

Captain of Winning Hockey Team.....

Captain of Winning Basketball Team.....

Captain of Winning Baseball Team.....

Team Winning Greatest Number of Athletic Contests.....

Highest Individual Scorer.....

Girl Showing the Most Improvement.....

Plaque to Winning Team

.....

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible on each side of the central fold. The paper appears slightly aged or off-white. There is no handwriting or other markings on the page.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines on each side of the central vertical crease. The paper appears slightly aged or off-white.

He's to go slow.
Lots of Fox and stuff etc.
I'll probably be seeing you
next year - or good
Buck

Don't Stewart - the
Bill practices - if rounds
Brown chase - do it
later if two stitch.

